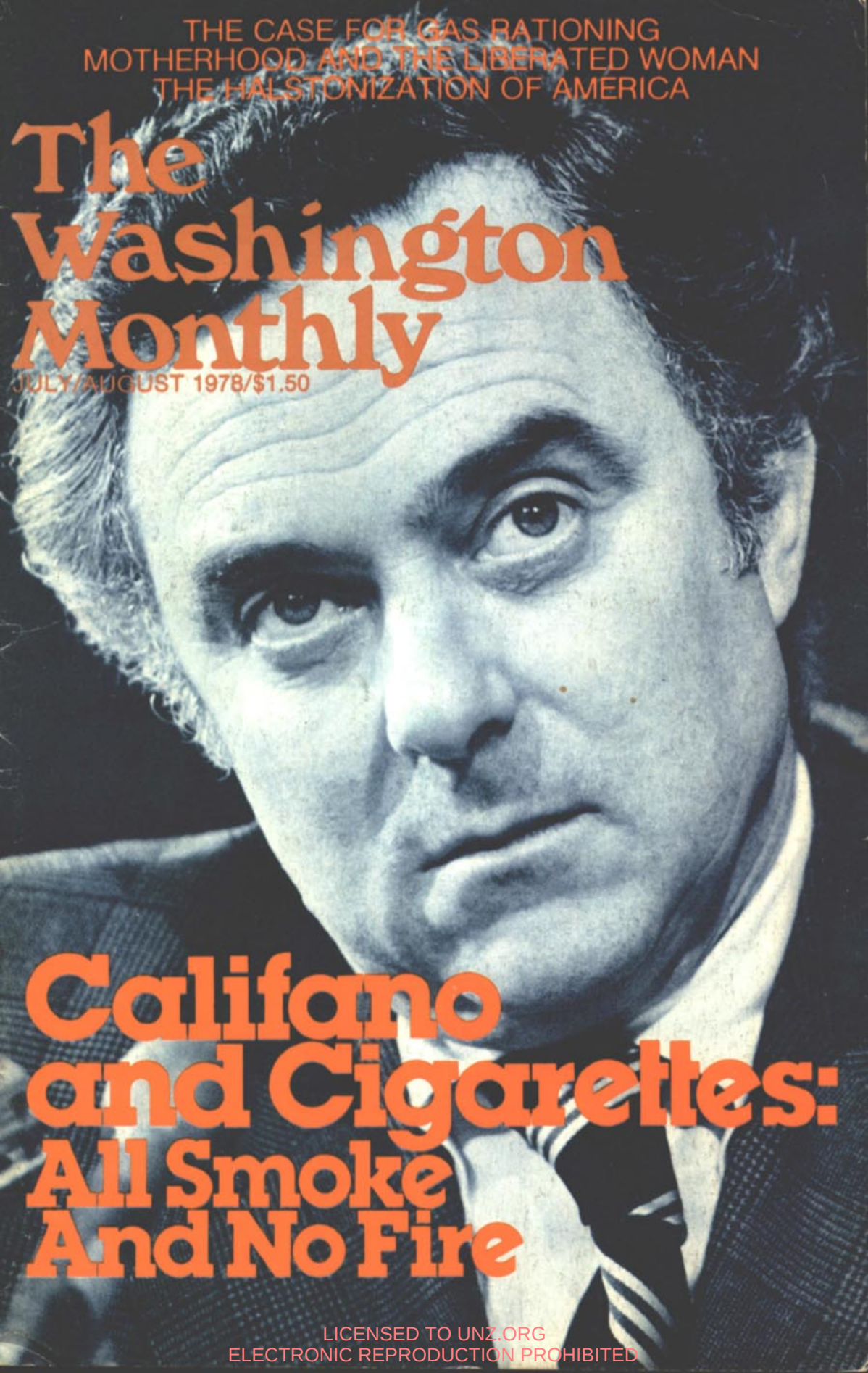
THE CASE FOR GAS RATIONING
MOTHERHOOD AND THE LIBERATED WOMAN
THE HALSTONIZATION OF AMERICA

The Washington Monthly

JULY/AUGUST 1978/$1.50



Califano and Cigarettes: All Smoke And No Fire

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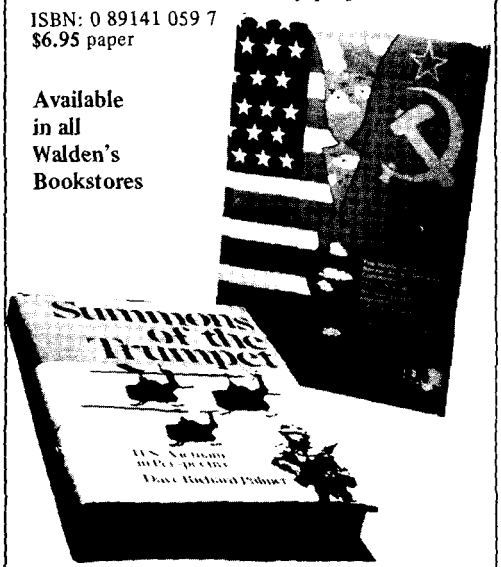

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Letters

I am writing to protest the article by Mr. Tom Gilroy entitled "Tapping the Federal Till the Occidental Way" which appeared in your June 1978 issue. I consider this to be a very biased and slanted article filled with inaccuracies.

It is true that Occidental Petroleum Corporation requires ships to perform a trade agreement between it and the Soviet Union. Consequently, Occidental requested bid proposals for the construction of the required ships from shipyards in both the United States and Japan, and we have received proposals from each of them. These proposals vary greatly. We have in hand proposals from certain Japanese shipyards to construct the ships at about one-half the cost proposed by U.S. shipyards. Nevertheless, in accordance with the U.S. Maritime Act of 1970, Occidental applied to the U.S. Maritime Administration for participation in and in accordance with the provisions of the said Act, in order to consider, and hopefully to award, contracts for the construction of the ships to U.S. shipyards. It should go without saying that, all economic matters being equal, Occidental Petroleum would prefer to obtain construction of the ships in the United States. If, on the other hand, construction can be obtained from Japanese shipyards, or others outside the United States, at considerable savings to Occidental, then obligations to Occidental stockholders would require us to pursue the most economic course.

The price that U.S. shipyards charge and the cost of operating a vessel under the U.S. flag make it absolutely clear that there will be no ships built in the United States for foreign trade unless the Maritime Administration pays the subsidies the law allows. Thus the fundamental issue is one of whether or not the security interests of the United States require vessels to be built in the U.S. and operated by the U.S. maritime unions. It is they who will be subsidized in order to make them competitive with the rest of the world. This is an issue which the Congress properly should determine and certainly they should consider all aspects in designing legislation.

It seems patently unfair and unjustified for Mr. Gilroy to attack Occidental for taking part in programs established under U.S. law which will have no financial benefit to Occidental but will only equalize Occidental's costs with those which would result by use of foreign shipping. I trust you will publish my reply in your forthcoming issue with equal prominence to the erroneous and misleading article by Mr. Gilroy.

ARMAND HAMMER
Los Angeles, California

Dr. Hammer is chairman and chief executive officer of Occidental Petroleum Corporation.

The author replies:

Dr. Hammer missed the point. Nowhere in the article do I charge or even imply that Occidental's campaign for the Maritime subsidies is illegal. On the contrary, that such government handouts to corporations are sanctioned—and commonplace—is precisely what bothered me into writing the piece.

Hammer's claim that the subsidies have no financial benefit to Occidental is arguable. Every independent source I spoke to assured me that, in tandem, the two subsidies would save the company money over 20 years, probably a great deal of money.

Beyond that, Hammer's argument obscures the larger issue: that the two Maritime outlays will cost the government at least $100 million. That kind of expenditure gives taxpayers the right to expect a reasonable return on their investment; but as I pointed out in the article, the only significant beneficiaries of the subsidies are the Soviet Union and Occidental Petroleum.

Finally, Hammer's invocation of "national security" as a reason for the subsidies is a bit much, since his company's trade with the USSR is likely to undermine a vital US industry.

"HOW BEST to celebrate the anniversary of the overthrow of the Lon Nol regime in Cambodia? For the present rulers of that festive land, that question is easily answered. You round up the 350 families in the area surrounding the village in which Lon Nol was born and slaughter them, and then post their names at anniversary rally."

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Tilting at Windmills

Usually we side with the politicians in their continuing war with the bureaucrats, but John Crutcher, writing in *The Washington Star,* reminds us of a legitimate complaint of the bureaucrats. It is that the appointees with most direct authority over the civil servants, those at the assistant secretary level, stay in government for an average of only 21 months. Since it takes about 24 months for an assistant secretary to learn his job, this means that he seldom learns enough before he goes to be able to tell his subordinates what to do. One reason for the short tenure of the assistant secretaries is that too many enter government out of a passion not to accomplish in the public interest but to add to their string of credits. Washington is full of job-hopping executives who care far less about doing good than they do about looking good—looking good long enough to get a better job before it's discovered that they did nothing in the last one. . . . Stockbrokers are urging their clients to write their senators and congressmen in support of the Steiger Amendment, which is designed to broaden the capital gains tax break. They cite studies conducted by the Securities Industries Association, a disinterested organization if there ever was one, showing that "a reduction in the capital gains tax would create jobs, produce price stability, increase capital formation, reduce the federal budget deficit, and have other beneficial effects on the entire economy." What they mean is that it would aid the brokerage business. The way to create jobs is to confine the capital gains tax break to *new* investment that will create new jobs and modern plants. Now most of it is wasted on trading in old issues, which does nothing for anybody except the traders and their brokers.

The Civil Aeronautics Board deserves an award for its encouragement of lower air fares. On domestic flights, bookings are running 40 per cent ahead of last year, and anyone trying to get overseas knows that it's seldom been harder to get a seat. Free enterprise can work. What doesn't work is our Mussolini-style state capitalism, with its high prices required and supported by the government. . . . That kind of competition-free, risk-free, state-subsidized capitalism recently received another blow, this time from John Heimann, Comptroller of the Currency. He actually proposed letting banks fail. For the last 40 years the government's policy has been to protect depositors by protecting their banks from failure. But deposit insurance could protect just the depositor, so there is no good reason not to have competition between banks.

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Last month we mentioned the unfavorable press reaction to Carter's splendid speech on lawyers. Now we have at least part of the explanation: It seems that when David Broder of *The Washington Post* called in his story about the speech from Los Angeles, he said "Carter arraigned the legal community for failing to serve the cause of social justice." The person on the other end of the phone heard "harangued" instead of "arraigned," and that was what all the journalists and editorial writers who live in Washington first read about the speech.... Turkey farming brings to our mind pleasant rural scenes and images of Thanksgiving. But that's not what it means to some of our wilier federal managers. To them, turkey farming refers to the Integrated Personnel Act, which permits them to assign federal employees to universities and state and municipal governments. Those places are the farms; their less productive subordinates are the turkeys.... Did you know who ghosted Allen Dulles' *The Craft of Intelligence*? Howard Hunt.... Poor Chairman Mao. The bureaucrats are moving so fast to undermine the best of his legacy that he must be spinning in his grave by now. Their latest move is to introduce tracking in the schools.... Why doesn't the International Communications Agency—the new name for the USIA—start directing Tokyo Rose-like broadcasts to Cuba on the theme of why are your sons dying in Africa? If skillfully done, such broadcasts might do more to deter Castro than all our threats of counterintervention.... The new bestseller in Washington, according to Rebecca Leet of *The Washington Star*, bears the unexciting title of *95th Congress, Congressional District Zip Codes*. The reason for the book's success is that it enables an organization to find out which of its members live in the districts of the congressmen it wants to lobby. Organizations are finding out that thousands of letters and postcards from their members is the most effective lobbying technique....

The New York Times of May 25 had a story by Terence Smith saying that Carter's aides were urging him to travel to build up his image. For his own part, Carter thinks his main need is to stop leaks by his subordinates. Doesn't this make you want to weep? Neither the President nor his aides see his problems as related to the substance of government. Here's a quote from Carter at the recent Camp David summit on the future of the administration: "If you're sore, just bite your lip. Don't pop off to your staff and let them leak it to the press." Doesn't the style and content remind you of our recent presidents? But however inelegant these words may be, they do contain sound words of advice for the press. Years ago, when Bill Moyers was LBJ's press secretary, he told me the leaker he feared the most was not the cabinet member who had been done wrong by the president but the cabinet member's special assistant, who was separated at least another bureaucratic layer from loyalty to the president and who was not nearly so accustomed to the attentions of the press.... A couple of months ago, I wrote that we can no longer afford to pay money from the various federal compensation and pension programs to people who don't need it. To give you an example of the waste, 32 members of Congress, each making $57,500 per year, receive disability or pension checks from the federal government. Senator Howard Cannon, as a retired major general in the Air Force Reserve, gets $1,072 a month above his Senate salary.... As further evidence in support of Janet Hook's contention (see page 38) that our embassy in London is overblown, here is how it compares with our embassy in Moscow—clearly a more important post—in three categories:

	Moscow	London
Official Residence Expense	$54,630	$132,913
Representation Allowance	$11,878	$28,563
Servants for the Ambassador	12	18

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Dean Henry Rosovsky of Harvard recently required that all tenure nominations be accompanied by an assessment of the candidate's teaching ability. The problem he is attempting to deal with is, as Susan Schiefelbein reminds us in *The Saturday Review*, that Harvard professors either can't or won't teach. It's not just Harvard's problem—it exists throughout academic America. Yet things can be different. At Columbia in the forties, the prevailing winds of snobbery blew in the direction of teaching. Lionel Trilling, Jacques Barzun, Mark Van Doren, and others of equal prestige and ability taught classes of 15 to 30 undergraduates. Barzun wrote a book called *Teacher in America* criticizing the professors who wanted to be called Doctor and wanted to confine their work to research. How this right kind of snobbery came to exist should be the earnest study of us all as we seek to restore some connection between our children and the people who are supposed to train them.

If you prize independence, as I do, you will share my depression at finding out that the number of self-employed Americans has dropped from six per cent in 1970 to two per cent today. . . . The House has passed a bill to require federal agencies to undertake test projects to determine the feasibility of more job-sharing and part-time employment. Urge your senator to vote for this bill because it could help solve the problem—lack of social support for parenting—discussed in Deborah Baldwin's article on page 50 of this issue. . . . Ordinarily my sympathies and often my prayers go out to our air traffic controllers. But their most recent work stoppage makes me wonder if they aren't going the way of most white-collar unions. The reason for the stoppage, according to John Leyden, the union's president, is that the controllers were "fed up" with the refusal of Pan Am, TWA, and Northwest Orient to give them free flights overseas. . . .

When I start my school of government, I'm going to have a special division for journalists because so few of them understand the way the bureaucracy works. A recent example was the front page story on June 7 in *The Washington Post* that began:

"Last summer the General Services Administration found that, with only two months remaining in the fiscal year, it had spent far less money than Congress had authorized. Unless the rest of its money was spent quickly, it would be returned to the Treasury and future GSA appropriations might be reduced. So instructions went out from GSA's Public Buildings Service—which owns, leases and maintains federal buildings—to spend more money and do it fast."

Nowhere did the story say that the end of the fiscal year spending spree is an annual event in most government agencies, and that if there was a scandal in the story it was not confined to GSA alone. Indeed, as Richard Norton-Taylor pointed out in a May issue of *The Manchester Guardian*, the problem extends well beyond these shores. "If individual departments or agencies do not use up their annual budgets," he wrote, "then they are regarded in Whitehall as either not doing their job properly or not needing as much next year."

Pending the glorious day when I open my school, I suggest that when they are doing stories on government agencies, reporters at the two Washington papers consult their civil service columnists, Mike Causey at the *Post* and Joe Young at the *Star*, who are both extremely knowledgeable, if excessively indulgent, about the rituals of bureaucracy. It is ironic how ignored these men are by the hot-shot Woodsteins of the local press.

The Defense Department is changing the way it selects contractors for major weapons. Under the old system

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companies would submit unrealistically low bids in order to get a contract. Then the cost overruns would begin, with the result that the government would usually get stuck with a much higher final bill than it—and the Congress and the taxpayers—had been led to expect. If the new program called "Four Step Source Selection" works, we'll even forgive its name. . . . In his *Guardian* article, Norton-Taylor quotes the 1968 Fulton Report on the Civil Service in England: "One of the main troubles of the Service has been that, in achieving immunity from political intervention, a system was evoked which until recently was virtually immune from outside pressure for change. Since it was not immune from inside resistance to change, inertia was perhaps predictable." . . . Why are businessmen so upset about the Labor Law Reform Bill? All it does is guarantee a prompt election to determine whether employees want to be represented by a union and give the union legal access to the employees to present its case.

If you owned a non-scheduled airline in the early sixties and found your business and that of most other non-skeds dwindling while that of a half-dozen others was soaring, you probably shrugged your shoulders and said, "Well, they're just doing a better job." You shouldn't have. You should have blamed the CIA, the organization that has done more than any other to make paranoid conspiracy theories respectable. In 1960, according to Tom Redburn of *The Los Angeles Times*, the CIA bought a non-sked called Southern Air Transport and began steering a lot of business its way. As Southern's fortunes soared, five other non-skeds became suspicious and threatened to blow the whistle on the CIA. To keep them quiet, the CIA began throwing business their way. The result was that the non-sked industry went into the seventies with six prosperous companies—Southern and its five paranoid competitors. The sane and unsuspecting got their just reward, bankruptcy and failure.

—*Charles Peters*

Hubert Humphrey

Sheldon D. Engelmayer & Robert J. Wagman

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Epilogue by Vice President Walter F. Mondale
Eulogy by President Jimmy Carter

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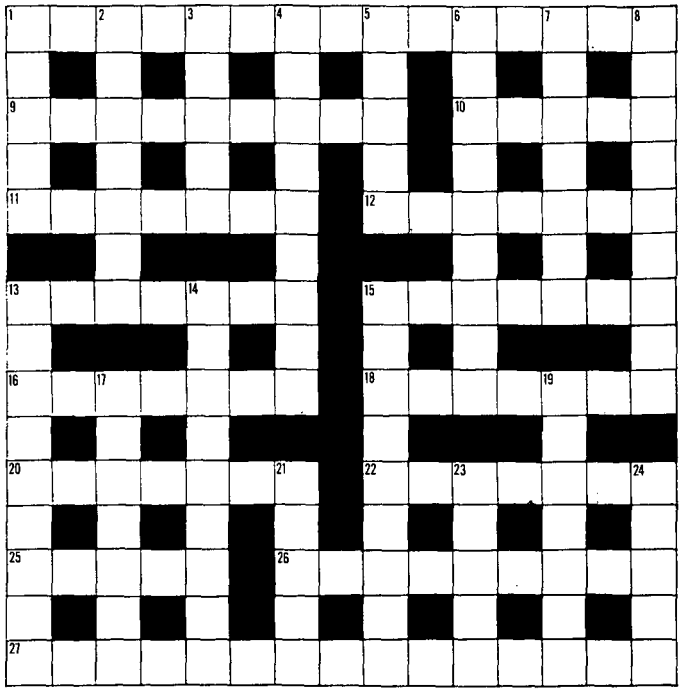
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



ACROSS

1. Ironsides' health when old? (3,12)
9. English sovereign made war divide. (6,3)
10. I would back me in French manner of speaking. (5)
11. Goes to bed fingering someone? (5,2)
12. A cringe distorted Onassis' life. (7)
13. Pet heir arranged a polite request. (7)
15. Wholesale price clarified at close. (4-3)
16. Sex won't come around most cities presumably. (2-5)
18. Team in the red was at home. (7)
20. Who Tris equals in a way. (2,5)
22. Open up with riotous families inside. (7)
25. Like, for example, try? (5)
26. Editing Ray's scene is vital. (9)
27. Part of tree used in hanging? (9,6)

DOWN

1. Tart picked up around the Orient is something special. (5)
2. Forebear of 9 Across we'd raid wildly. (6,1)
3. Bad guys in frog rescue efforts. (5)
4. Vases seen shattered in the waters of the world. (5,4)
5. The final touch in chic ingenue's design. (5)
6. Vine-users arranged for very separate fields. (9)
7. Latin eyes make a good start. (7)
8. Chosen for muddled anti-demon stand. (9)
13. Crazy rape cited as basis for conclusion. (9)
14. Whoa, voyeur after five can still be made to say hello! (3,3,3)
15. Boil a deviled crab over surrender? (9)
17. Where wet oats go? (2,5)
19. Let Diana go around to make a second try. (2,5)
21. Asian city comes in with an oil fortune. (5)
23. Terrible scare for a boxer. (5)
24. To take in a tipsy chorus girl. (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 12.

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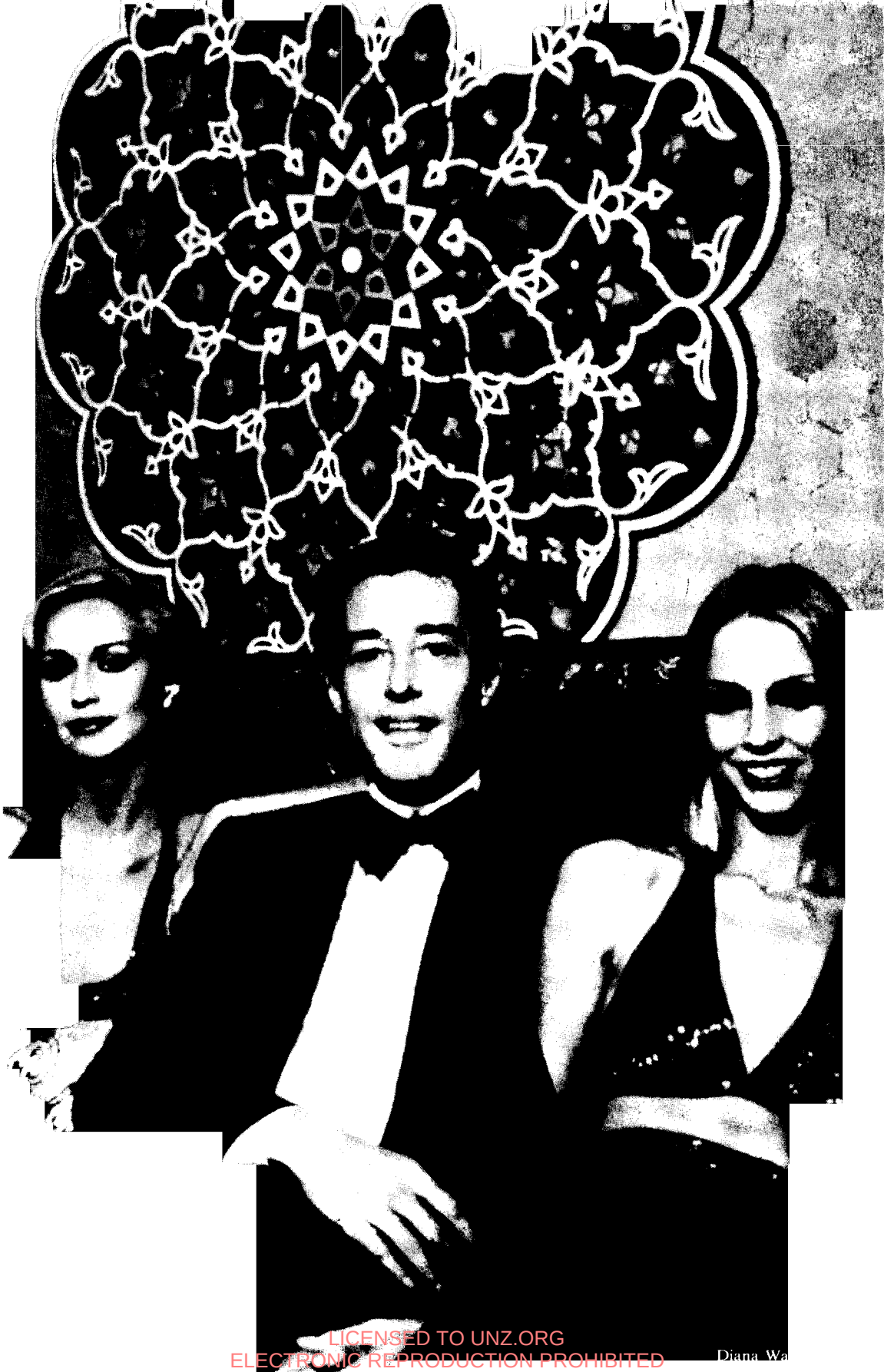

Diana Wa

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The Halstonization of America

by Nicholas Lemann

It's been a busy year for Halston, the designer, and his friends. Mick and Bianca Jagger were reported to be on the rocks. Bianca was on the cover of *People*. Inside she was pictured talking with Halston and dancing at Studio 54, the new disco. Halston praised Bianca for dressing "against the current." Halston gave a birthday party for Bianca at his townhouse on the East Side of Manhattan. Later the party moved to Studio 54.

People did a story on Studio 54 and ran a dozen pictures of its owner, Steve Rubell, talking with celebrities. Rubell said he doesn't let "bagel-nosh polyester types" into his disco. One of the pictures accompanying the story was of Rubell, Halston, and Margaux Hemingway.

The New York Times Magazine did a story on Halston's townhouse, which has very little furniture. Halston told *People* about his special relationship with Jackie O. Jackie is actually very price-conscious, he said, despite what people say.

Mick and Bianca were reported to be seeking a divorce. Shortly thereafter, *The New York Post* ran this headline: HALSTON SET AS MATCHMAKER FOR A MICK-LESS BIANCA. "Those who care," said the accompanying column, "think Halston has only one mission in life at the moment. He is determined to find Bianca a really rich husband. After all, Halston has tailor-made Bianca's clothes for ages now, so why not her life?"

Halston unveiled his designs for new uniforms for the New York City Police and for the Girl Scouts of America.

Women's Wear Daily's weekly digest, *W*, announced that the Jet Set was out, and that the Super Set was in.

Nicholas Lemann is managing editor of The Washington Monthly.

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Members of the Super Set, called SSTs, "move faster, further, and more frequently." *W* profiled two female SSTs. One of them, Lacey Neuhaus, said she can "identify" with Halston's clothes. Studio 54 led the list of places the SSTs go to dance. However, *W*'s list of SSTs—including Prince Charles, Carter Brown, Jay Rockefeller, Woody Allen, Jackie, John Brademas, Lee Radziwill, and Moshe Dayan—did not include Halston. It did include the designers Kenzo, Yves St. Laurent, and Calvin Klein.

Halston designed a 30-piece wardrobe for Jacqueline Bisset to wear in *The Greek Tycoon,* a movie about a thinly disguised Jackie and Ari. Later, he asked that his name be removed from the credits. He also designed a complete wardrobe for Liza Minnelli to wear in her Broadway musical, *The Act.*

Vitas Gerulaitis, a tennis star, gave a party at Studio 54 to benefit the Foundation for Underprivileged Children. Margaret Trudeau, Norman Mailer, and Lacey Neuhaus were there. Truman Capote and Andy Warhol gave an Oscar-night party at Studio 54. Bianca was there, and Margaret Trudeau. Mick came later. Liza wasn't there, but she was seen—and photographed—frequently at Studio 54.

Newsweek came out with its annual spring cover story on fashion. In 1972 the story had been about Halston. This year it was about Calvin Klein. Klein, the story said, spends his summers at Fire Island and his nights at Studio 54, and he goes twice a week to a dermatologist who smooths out the wrinkles in his face with silicone injections.

Halston had a widely reported feud with Elsa Peretti, the jewelry designer. Liz Smith of *The New York Daily News* reported that Halston had given Elsa a sable coat that, during one of their fights, she had thrown in the fire. Ali MacGraw, in New York to promote her new movie, told reporters she thought Halston was "great" but that Calvin Klein was "the best."

Liza gave a birthday party for her half-sister, Lorna Luft. Margaret Trudeau, Steve Rubell, Pat Kennedy Lawford, and of course Halston were there. Halston gave a party at Studio 54 where a covey of doves was released for effect. David Bowie, Bianca, and Halston had to sneak out the back door of Studio 54 one night and drive away in Steve Rubell's limousine in order to avoid photographers. *People* did a story on Pat Cleveland and Sterling St. Jacques, two models who work for Halston. Pat is writing an autobiography (at age 22) called *Suffer for Beauty.* Halston said Pat and Sterling are bound to "zenith at something."

Norman Mailer and Elaine Kaufman, owner of Elaine's, who had been feuding, made up at a publication party for Liz Smith's new book. Gloria Vanderbilt, Ethel Merman, Mike Wallace, and Nora Ephron were also there. Halston designed the tablecloths for the opening-day party at Wolf Trap Park outside Washington.

The gossip columnists began to knock Studio 54. *Esquire* reported that Steve Rubell had some unsavory financial connections and that he had on his staff a publicist who was paid on a commission-per-celebrity basis.

Personal Life

Stephen Birmingham, the writer, announced that he had undertaken a "psycho-history" of Jackie on which the publishers were hotly bidding. Halston was quoted in a book called *The Success Trip* as saying, "I happen to be very prolific at what I do."

A new roller-skating disco called Roller Ballroom was announced to be under construction. Halston and Bianca and Andy Warhol and Truman Capote were announced to be working on a disco record together.

Although last summer the place to be was Andy Warhol's compound of cottages in Montauk, this summer Halston, Bianca, Liza, and Steve Rubell have rented a house on Fire Island.

W announced that the key concept of the period 1970-73 had been Public

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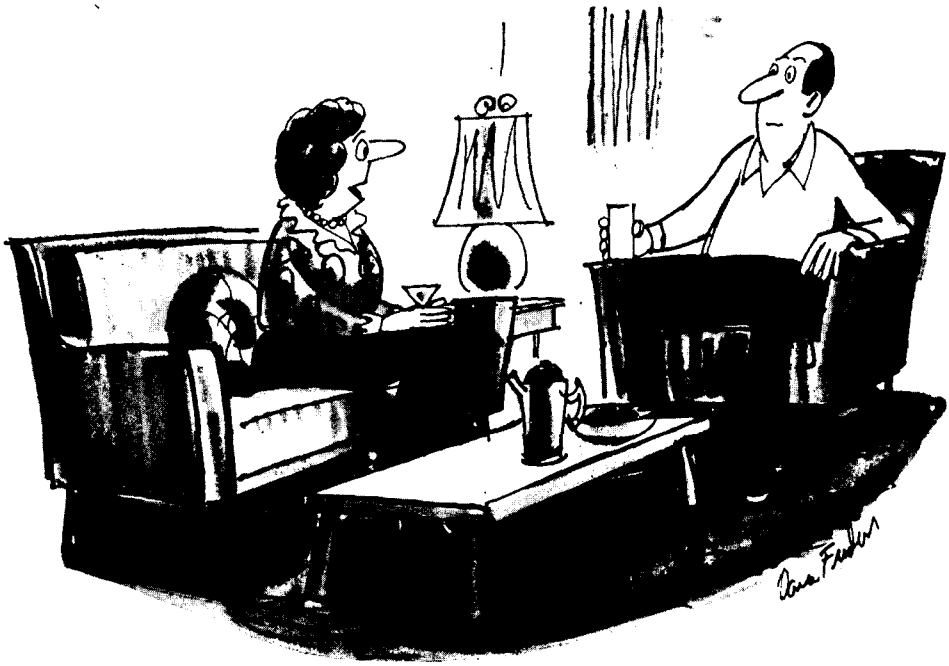
Lives; that the key concept of 1973-77 was Private Lives; and that the key concept now, in 1978, is Personal Life.

For its first anniversary, *Us* magazine put out a special issue: "our exclusive guide to who's in, who's out, who's hot, and who's not—in TV, movies, music, theater, sports, art, fashion, and politics." Cher, Jimmy Carter, Farrah Fawcett-Majors, Erich Segal, and Charles Bronson were listed as "out people," while Ruth Carter Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Fritz Mondale, Anwar Sadat, and Dolly Parton were among the "in people." However, *Us* warned, "being In is very dangerous because the next step is . . . being OUT!"

In short, for Halston and his friends in the New York celebrity world, it has been a year a little faster-paced than the year that preceded it and probably a little slower than the one that will follow. The lifespan of what's new is a little shorter this year than it was last. Consequently, the nervousness of the people who are, right now, what's new, is a little greater. There's a little more of the sense that if you miss one party a completely different definition of what's new will come into being, and it won't include you. Possibly, a part of the definition of what's new next will be that you're not part of it.

One reason the pace gets a little faster every year is that every year the number of chroniclers of what's new increases. The past year, for instance, has seen the advent of *Us*, several new TV "talk" and "magazine" shows, and a new gossip columnist in *The New York Post*, Diane Judge—more outlets that live on telling their audiences what's new and therefore have to be in constant search of newness (and its silent partner, obsolescence). And as the number of outlets grows, the number and range of people they cover grows too, so that now the world of what's new can include scientists and historians and architects and political activists as well as the actors and designers and musicians and politicians who have traditionally populated it. So this year, there are a lot more nervous people than there were last year.

In this insecure world, Halston has



"I dreamt I was sitting in on a National Security Council meeting, and guess what. Liza Minnelli and Halston were there, too!"

Drawing by Dana Fradon; © 1978
The New Yorker Magazine, Inc

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managed to last far longer than most. He has been a name dress designer for almost a decade and has been part of each succeeding new twist during that time. Born Roy Frowick in Iowa in 1932, raised in Indiana, the son of an accountant, he has been designing all his adult life. He began in hats (his first great coup was the pillbox Jackie wore to the 1961 inauguration), branched out into dresses, and left the employ of Bergdorf Goodman's in New York in 1969, after nine years there, to strike out on his own. In 1973 he sold his business, his name, and his services to Norton Simon Inc., the consumer-goods conglomerate, for an estimated $12-million worth of stock. His empire is now large enough to occupy seven lines of listings in the Manhattan phone book: Halston Enterprises Inc., Halston Ltd., Halston Fragrances, Halston Originals, Halston 3, Halston V, and Halston VI. He designs dresses in several price ranges, sheets, towels, perfumes, accessories.

However, it's possible to know a great deal about Halston without having to learn any of that. Though he is seldom described saying or doing anything very interesting, though he is not provably charismatic or compelling, hardly a week goes by when he isn't mentioned in the popular press. Many people who don't know a thing about the substance of Halston's work know who his intimate friends are, what the inside of his house looks like, and where he spends his free time.

Answers to last month's puzzle.

N	I	N	E	T	E	E	N	■	E	I	G	H	T	Y
I	■	A	■	E	■	N	■	W	■	N	■	Y	■	E
C	A	M	B	R	I	D	G	E	■	C	A	M	P	S
K	■	I	■	R	■	E	■	A	■	U	■	N	■	T
S	A	B	R	A	■	A	D	V	E	R	T	I	S	E
■	■	I	■	C	■	R	■	E	■	■	■	S	■	R
I	T	A	L	I	C	S	■	R	E	B	A	T	E	D
N	■	■	■	N	■	■	■	■	■	U	■	■	■	A
E	N	G	A	G	E	D	■	B	E	T	A	R	D	Y
L	■	U	■	■	■	R	■	O	■	T	■	O	■	■
A	R	T	S	C	H	O	O	L	■	E	A	S	E	L
S	■	T	■	A	■	O	■	I	■	R	■	S	■	A
T	R	I	P	S	■	L	O	V	E	C	H	I	L	D
I	■	E	■	T	■	S	■	I	■	U	■	N	■	E
C	A	R	T	E	R	■	C	A	M	P	A	I	G	N

Good for Business

Although it's a little hard to fathom why Halston is written about so much, it's perfectly understandable why he would rather be a public figure than a nobly reclusive J.D. Salinger of the fashion world. It's good for business. Halston's output can be boiled down into two rough categories: merchandise for the very rich and merchandise for the middle class. The former is custom-made (made-to-order, as it's called in the trade), the latter mass-produced (called ready-to-wear).

Halston's clients for made-to-order clothes are people like Jackie, Liza, Lee Radziwill, Katharine Graham, Lauren Bacall, Racquel Welch, Candice Bergen, Ali MacGraw, Barbara Streisand, and Babe Paley, along with a host of others who are equally well-off if less well-known. Women like these have always been the backbone of the high-fashion industry. But these days, it's unlikely that Halston makes much profit from them. Most of his money comes from ready-to-wear.

Fifty years ago, there was much less women's clothing made in the socio-economic gap between Macy's and custom-made than there is today. The affluence of the post-World War II years has caused a great boom in ready-to-wear designer clothing, clothing that is relatively expensive and has a famous name attached but isn't out of the price range of the merely well-off. Especially in the last decade, the ready-to-wear concept has spread even further, to designer sheets and handkerchiefs and tennis shorts and wallets and car interiors.

The Lizas and Jackies and Biancas are really free advertising for all of Halston's ready-to-wear merchandise. Halston's designs do have a certain informal elegance; they seem at once timeless and of the moment; they're well suited to the needs of active women.

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Those who know rate his work somewhere in the good-to-genius range. Nonetheless, says one veteran of the fashion world, "If the celebrities went elsewhere, Halston would be nothing. Why are you going to buy a Halston sheet? Because it's a great sheet? No. Because Halston's name means something special. And he can't afford to let it stop meaning something. He can't let a Halston sheet or a Halston dress become just another sheet or just another dress."

Halston's rapport with celebrities, and their's with him, and their affinity for whatever's new, is no doubt genuine; but if he preferred to live in Pittsburgh and lacked the knack for getting his clothes onto famous women's backs, he would probably be nothing. As it is, Halston is not only skillful at knowing celebrities and getting publicity, but unusually durable at it too. The graveyards of fashion in New York are full of people who were riding high, who were what's new, and who were then suddenly left behind by some new twist and never heard from again. Halston has so far been able to maneuver his way around that.

One aid he has had is the rules of the designing game. The fashion business depends for its livelihood on the idea that there have to be new styles every year; if people just wore the same clothes for 20 years it would be financial disaster for Seventh Avenue. So although the pendulum may swing back and forth—tradition versus modernity, long skirts versus short, loose-fitting clothes versus tight ones—it never comes back to rest precisely where it has been before. Every year, somehow, this year's fashions look exactly right and the fashions of five years ago impossibly dowdy.

If Halston can sense accurately every year what this year's fashions will be, then he as a person and celebrity can endure. As long as he keeps producing new fashions, the old Halston can stay around. If, in a fit of self-righteousness, he were to try to keep the same fashions year after year, then Halston himself would quickly pass out of style.

The change-or-die ethic of fashion is closely mirrored in the celebrity world, with which fashion is so closely allied. The press has always had a code similar to the fashion industry's: just as nobody wants to buy yesterday's fashions, nobody wants to buy yesterday's news. But increasingly editors have realized that today's news doesn't have to be just events—it can be people and trends and ideas too, as long as they are *today's* people and trends and ideas. The notion of this year's fashions has spread far and wide both in subject matter and in medium of dissemination. There are more and more celebrities, whose existence is more and more perilous. The extremely wide range of people who appear in, say, *People* and *Us* have all been identified as what's new and have profited from being so identified. In other words, they have become Halstonized.

But there's an important difference. Halston can be a durable celebrity because his designs and clientele are ever-changing. What about people who can't in good faith come out with a line of this year's fashions—doctors and writers and politicians? They're stuck with the choice of either sacrificing their integrity in order to remain what's new, or being condemned to the fate of a not-too-distant obsolescence. Thus Jerry Brown, a politician who specializes in riding each new twist, can vigorously condemn Proposition 13 up to election day and then warmly embrace it when it passes; thus, conversely, can George McGovern, who doesn't change his views, be perceived by liberals as a great man six years ago and a has-been today.

Those Who Thrive on Newness

The center of the world of neophilia is New York. New York is the biggest city in the country and the center of the national media, other than movies and records. It is also generously endowed with those who thrive on newness and celebrityhood—the ambitious strivers who people the celebrity press, and the unrooted, easily bored citizens who read about them.

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Traditionally, there has been less of that in smaller and slower-paced places than New York, where an ironclad set of conventions and standards reigned and the winds of change rarely blew. With social, economic, and geographical mobility low, what status you could gain in life was achieved through slowly building up a reputation over the years. If people were afraid, it was of being unconventional.

But in recent years, with mobility on the rise and mass marketing ever more widespread, there's been a touch of New York everywhere. It's hard to go shopping for groceries anywhere in America today without having the opportunity to buy *The National Enquirer* and *The National Star, People* and *Us*. So more and more the operative fear is not that you'll flout convention, but that in a world whose standards and values and styles constantly change, you'll be left behind. In more and more of the country, you're likely to rise through being or finding the latest new twist; to become very quickly a celebrity, wildly overrated; and then to live in fear that you'll be found out and that the next twist will be to hate you. Those who live by the twist die by the twist.

Close observation reveals endless examples of this. The most familiar is the entertainment star who was suddenly last year's hero and just as suddenly is this year's goat, like Sylvester Stallone. A common case in the world of letters comes whenever a strong first novelist is wildly overpraised, and knows that a lot of ambitious young literary critics are out there sharpening their knives as they await the publication of his next book.

There's Lillian Hellman, who 25 years ago told a congressional committee that she couldn't cut her beliefs to fit this year's fashions. As it happened, by the early 70s those beliefs *were* this year's fashions and she was lionized for them—but today her politics are becoming last year's fashions again and aren't talked about. There's Philip Johnson, the pathbreaking modern architect, who even as his younger colleague, I.M. Pei, is joining the Academy of the Overrated for his modern addition to the National Gallery in Washington, unveils a new building design that looks like a grandfather clock. Even in the sober world of policy-making, the twist applies. "The new thing is sticking it to the Soviets," says one person familiar with the worlds of politics and fashion. "It's like the long skirt of the 50s coming back." As soon as any trend goes into full swing, there's potential for a new trend in knocking it. Fran Lebowitz, the New York humorist of the moment, told *The Washington Post* that she used to like Perrier water until it became popular, but now "I resent it."

Blood in the Water

If you live in a setting that changes that fast, you're likely to become extremely defensive and to react to any criticism with ruthless counterattacks, knowing that if you let it go other sharks might pick up the scent of blood in the water and move in for the kill. Occasionally we see this at *The Washington Monthly*, when we take off—in what we imagine to be sober, moderate, and responsible fashion—after some part of the New York world and receive in return a literary firebombing.

In 1974 we published an article by Suzannah Lessard that suggested that the circle of writers, editors, and publishers involved in putting out *The New York Review of Books* might be a little chummy, even if their publication was first-rate. Jason Epstein, a founder of *The New York Review* and a high official at Random House, wrote back in this reasoned fashion: "Do you understand how deeply your article insults [*The New York Review*'s] writers?... And how can you write about the Literary Situation when you make no effort to understand the writers concerned?... I cannot imagine a way not to take your imputations of bad faith personally."

Chapter two in the drama came a year later, when James Fallows wrote an article taking Mary McCarthy to task

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for her writings on Watergate and Vietnam. This time there were no letters to the editor, but *The New York Review* itself struck back in an adoring review of McCarthy's Watergate and Vietnam books by Harold Rosenberg. "In *The Washington Monthly*," said Rosenberg, "which appears to be some kind of organ of journalism, Mr. James Fallows, one of the editors, attacks McCarthy's newsgathering ability and, with added vehemence her apparent lack of respect for finding out the facts. The mood of Fallows' article . . . is reflected in what is presumably a sketch of McCarthy that accompanies it—it is an abysmal work, both as an attempt at a likeness and a drawing."

Now it's possible that these fevered responses were just the product of pure thin-skinnedness, but more likely they were the product of thin-skinnedness with a reason behind it: the powerful fear that the twist was going to go against the subjects of our articles and that next year, after an avalanche of criticism, they would be as low as they were high then. Certainly they had seen it happen to others.

We were particularly inclined to this interpretation because we weren't immune from the same fear ourselves. In 1970 *The Washington Monthly* published an article about the Army's spying on civilians that won us awards and recognition, and ever since then we've been praised in the press for our tough, fearless investigative reporting. A model of muckraking journalism, we were called. This presented a problem: our main concern has been pointing out why the government and the society don't work as well as they should, and investigation of particular programs often serves that mission, while investigative reporting of the discovering-illegality variety has been a fairly minor chord in our editorial symphony. So while we knew we could most effectively win publicity and acclaim—and therefore financial stability—through the investigative pitch, we were afraid that that would leave an opening to some press critic to point out that we hadn't in fact caught many crooks, at which point we'd become out.

As the world of celebrity and what's new reaches out to affect more and more people like us, who shouldn't be in the business of producing this year's fashions, life for those people becomes trying. It's tempting to enter the neophiliac fray, knowing it can bring immense rewards in terms of money and recognition, let alone glamour—would the cause of solar energy be where it is today without Sun Day and Robert Redford? But once that step is taken, there's a clear choice: either keep changing every year to stay new or become forgotten and used up. Besides being unpleasant for the people involved, that fate has a disturbing implication in terms of the work they represent: that its value will be solely in its newness, not its worth.

'Everybody May Forget'

In June Halston put on his fall made-to-order collection. It was in all the papers. Jackie, Lee, Liza, and Bianca were there. Halston's look was a return to elegance. Halston left New York for Fire Island. Liza won a Tony award.

A new disco called Xenon opened. It had a huge model spaceship that descended from its ceiling. Vitas Gerulaitis, Lorna Luft, Liv Ullman, and Tony Curtis were there, as well as a couple who had spray-painted themselves silver. "My fondest wish is that Steve Rubell comes here and they don't let him in," said one guest.

People quoted Steve Rubell as saying he wouldn't let *himself* in to Studio 54. "Half a year ago nobody knew me," Rubell told *People*. "Half a year from now everybody may forget."

Halston has never been on the cover of *People*. Ralph Nader was on the cover of *People* last year. "Why isn't this man smiling?" the cover headline said. "He's got a friend in the White House." However, *this* year *Us*, sadly, listed Ralph Nader among "the out people." "Doesn't Ralph Nader know that worrying isn't chic anymore?" *Us* asked. "Worrying is so, so 60s." ■

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Who's Who in the Carter Administration

WHITE HOUSE

Assistant to the President—Gerald Rafshoon is the Atlanta advertising executive who directed Carter's television advertising during the 1976 presidential campaign. His chief responsibilities will be to plan and execute long-range public relations efforts to gain support for Carter's programs.

Assistant to Gerald Rafshoon—Greg Schneiders is making a comeback in influence after having been exiled to the realm of White House "Special Projects."

Assistant to the President's Counselor on Inflation—S. Lee Kling was national finance chairman of the Democratic National Committee. He also served as national director of the Committee of Americans for the Canal Treaties. He will be assisting Robert S. Strauss in working with business and labor groups to support Carter's anti-inflation goals.

Advisor to the President on International Development—John Gilligan will also be the Administration spokesman to Congress on these issues. Gilligan is administrator for the Agency for International Development and chairman of the Development Coordination Committee. As advisor, Gilligan will prepare annual statements on assistance policies for the President.

COMMERCE

Director, Office of Civil Rights—Calvin Brooks was liaison between Commerce's Office of Minority Enterprise and the Small Business Administration.

ENERGY

Assistant Secretary for Defense Programs—Duane Sewell was deputy director of the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory in California. (probable)

HEALTH, EDUCATION & WELFARE

Director, National Institute of Mental Health—Dr. Herbert Pardes was chief psychiatrist at the University of Colorado Medical Center.

INTERIOR

Assistant to the Secretary—Robert Mendelsohn was San Francisco city supervisor. Mendelsohn was nominated as assistant secretary of the Interior last year, but he withdrew his nomination after charges of violations of the California election laws were brought against him. Following the reversal of these charges, Mendelsohn is being appointed to oversee the Interior Department's urban, manpower, and youth programs. His new position carries the title "assistant to the secretary" but does not require Senate confirmation.

Chairman, New England River Basin Commission—John R. Ehrenfeld was vice president and technical director of Energy Resources Co. in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

JUSTICE

Associate Director, FBI—James Adams was the deputy associate director (see page 8, "Tilting at Windmills," June 1978).

LABOR

Director, Office of Administrative Management of the Employment Standards Administration—Henry C. Gronkiewicz was special assistant to the senior assistant postmaster general for employee and labor relations.

STATE

Ambassador to Thailand—Morton I. Abramowitz has been deputy assistant

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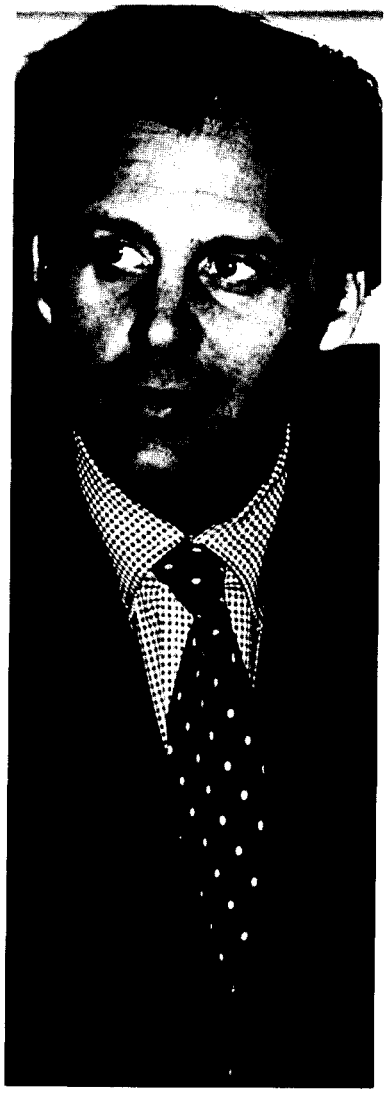
Rediscover the courage of words in Harper's



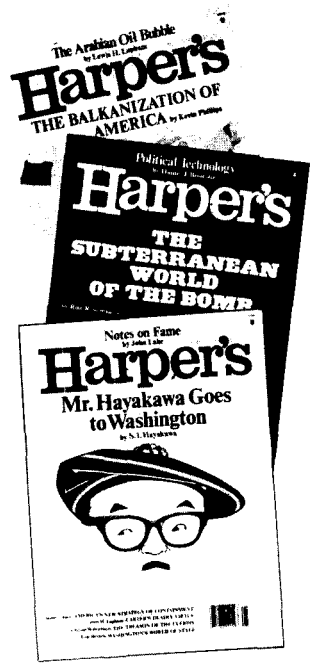
"As often as not these days I run across people who wonder why Harper's publishes so many criticisms of American art, government, and education. Not that they object to these criticisms, but they worry about the magazine's hope for the future. Why must the magazine dwell so much on the imperfectibility of man and the failure of his grand designs? Might it not be possible to cast a more cheerful light among the ruins?

I should remind the reader that I am by trade an optimist. As an editor I have no choice but to believe in man's capacity to learn from his failures. It seems to me that a magazine such as Harper's has an obligation to publish as many arguments on as many sides of a given question as there are people willing to declare themselves.

The argument going on in the country cannot be seen as the customary opposition between liberal and conservative, Left and Right, Democrat and Republican. It has to do instead with the division between people who would continue the American experiment and those who think the experiment has gone far enough.

The fearful majority needs to be opposed by an articulate and courageous minority, by people who live for others, and not the opinion of others, who believe that they can forge their energy and their intelligence into the shapes of their own destiny and their own future. I admire the courage of such people whenever I have the good fortune to meet them, but I have particular regard for those among them who choose to write magazine articles. I count it a victory to find writers who speak in plain words and who report what they have seen and heard and thought rather than what they have been told."

Lewis H. Lapham
Editor



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secretary of Defense for international affairs and has served in Hong Kong and Taipei.

Ambassador to Ethiopia—Frederick L. Chapin has been consul general in Sao Paulo, Brazil since 1972.

Ambassador to Afghanistan—Aldoph Dubs was deputy assistant secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian affairs.

Ambassador to Korea—William H. Gleysteen was deputy assistant secretary of State for Asian and Pacific affairs.

Ambassador to Ecuador—Raymond E. Gonzales has been deputy chief of mission in Panama.

Ambassador to Singapore—Richard F. Kneip is the Democratic governor of South Dakota, whose second term expires this year.

Ambassador to Surinam—Nancy Ostrander was chief of the consular officer division in State's Bureau of Personnel.

TRANSPORTATION

Director, Northeast Corridor Railroad Improvement Project—Louis S. Thompson has been a senior analyst for the last five years with Richard A. Barber Associates Inc., a Washington, D.C. consulting firm.

TREASURY

Special Assistant to the Comptroller of the Currency—Charles M. Van Horn will also be executive director of the "senior management strategic planning committee" in the same office. He has been regional administrator of the Second National Bank region, based in New York.

AGENCIES AND COMMISSIONS

Commodity Futures Trading Commission

Member—David Gartner was administrative aide to the late Senator Hubert Humphrey.

Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Controller—James Davis has been the Chicago regional director.

Counsel to the Chairman—Burton Raimi was general counsel of the agency.

Federal Elections Commission

Chairman—Joan Aikens is a Republican from Pennsylvania and has been elected to a one-year term, succeeding Thomas Harris, a Democrat.

Vice Chairman—Robert Tiernan is a Democrat from Rhode Island, elected to a one-year term.

Federal Mine Safety and Health Review Board

Member—A.E. Lawson is assistant general counsel of the United Steelworkers of America.

Member—Frank Jestrab is a Williston, North Dakota lawyer.

Member—Marian Nance is a special counsel to the United Mine Workers' Health and Retirement Fund.

Federal Trade Commission

Member—Robert Pitofsky was a Georgetown University law professor. From November 1970 to January 1973 he was director of the FTC's Bureau of Consumer Protection. Pitofsky will fill the seat formerly held by Calvin Collier.

National Endowment for the Arts

Director, Congressional Relations—Donald Moore was a legislative assistant to Representative John Brademas.

Director, Office of the Budget—Darrell Stephens was the deputy chief of staff for logistics with the U.S. Army.

Director, Policy Development—Phillip Kadis was a writer for *The Washington Star.*

National Transportation Safety Board

Member—Frances McAdams was named to another term on the Board. McAdams has been a board member since 1973.

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Occupational Safety and Health Review Commission

Commissioner—Bertram Cottine was an assistant to OSHA Chief Eula Bingham. Cottine is also the author of "Winning Before the Occupational Safety and Health Review Commission".

RESIGNATIONS, DEATHS, AND WITHDRAWN NOMINATIONS

White House

Deputy Assistant to the President for Intergovernmental Affairs—Lawrence A. Bailey has resigned to become a member of the board of First African/Arabian Corp., import-export firm.

Deputy Secretary to the Cabinet—Jane Frank, Jack Watson's most capable assistant, is resigning because she wants to spend more time with her two children.

Civil Aeronautics Board

Member—Lee R. West has submitted his resignation.

Commodity Futures Trading Commission

Vice Chairman—John Rainbolt II has resigned to begin a private law practice.

Consumer Product Safety Commission

General Counsel—Theodore Garrish has resigned to practice law.

Defense

Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—General George S. Brown has retired on full disability after a 37-year military career.

Environmental Protection Agency

Deputy Assistant Administrator for Mobile Source and Noise Enforcement—Dr. Norman Shutler has resigned to practice law.

HEW

Deputy Assistant Secretary—Dr. Joyce Lashoff has resigned.

Interior

Deputy Undersecretary—Christopher G. Farrand has stepped down from his post after four years with the department.

ICC

Deputy Congressional Relations Officer—Richard Kyle was dismissed on July 6. He had originally resigned under pressure of dismissal, but later withdrew the resignation. Charges that Kyle had accepted illegal gifts prompted the action.

NASA

Associate Administrator for External Relations—Kenneth R. Chapman has resigned to take a job in private industry.

National Railroad Passenger Corporation

Member of the Board of Directors—Anthony Haswell has asked that his nomination be withdrawn.

Tennessee Valley Authority

Board of Directors Member—William Jenkins has resigned.

Transportation

Federal Highway Administrator—William M. Cox has left to enter politics in Kentucky.

Associate Administrator, Urban Mass Transportation Administration—C. Kenneth Orski has resigned from his job on policy and program development to become vice president of the German Marshall Fund.

Treasury

Director of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms—Rex D. Davis has resigned after serving in this job for seven years.

CORRECTION

In the June issue we listed Richard Hatcher, mayor of Indianapolis, as having been appointed Assistant to the President. However on June 5 Hatcher decided not to join the White House staff.

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What It's Really Like: An Intern's First Day

by Samuel Shem

It was the Fat Man who first showed me what a gomer was. The Fat Man was my first resident, easing my transition from BMS (Best Medical School) student to intern in the House of God. He was wonderful, and a wonder. Brooklyn born, New York City trained, expansive, impervious, brilliant, efficient, from his sleek black hair and sharp black eyes and bulging chins through his enormous middle that forced his belt buckle to roll over on its belly like a shiny fish to his wide black shoes, the Fat Man was fantastic. Only New York City could have bounced back from his birth to nourish him. In return, the Fat Man was skeptical of whatever wild country existed to the west of that great frontier, Riverside Drive. The only exception to this urbane provincialism was, of course, Hollywood, the Hollywood of the Stars.

At 6:30 in the morning of July the First, I was swallowed by the House of God and found myself walking down an endless bile-colored corridor on the sixth floor. This was ward 6-South, where I was to begin. A nurse with magnificently hairy forearms pointed me to the House Officer's On Call Room, where rounds were in progress. I opened the door and went in. I felt pure terror.

Samuel Shem is the pseudonym of a young physician, novelist, and playwright, who trained at and now practices near "The House of God." This story is excerpted from his novel, The House of God, *to be published in August by Richard Marek Publishers, Inc.* *© 1978 by Samuel Shem.*

Around the table were five people: the Fat Man; an intern named Wayne Potts, a Southerner whom I'd known at BMS, a nice guy but depressed, repressed, and kind of compressed, dressed in crisp white, pockets bulging with instruments; the three others seemed eager, and this told me they were BMS students doing their medicine clerkship. Each intern was to be saddled with a BMS, each day of the year.

"It's about time," said the Fat Man, biting a bagel, "where's the other turkey?"

Assuming he meant Chuck, the black intern from Memphis, I said, "I don't know."

"Turkeys," said Fats, "he'll make me late for breakfast. OK, we'll start rounds without him.

"Great," said one of the BMSs, leaping to his feet. "I'll get the chart rack. Which end of the ward do we start on?"

"Sit down!" said Fats. "What are you talking about, chart rack?"

"Aren't we going on work rounds?" asked the BMS.

"We are, right here."

"But . . . but we're not going to see the patients?"

"In internal medicine, there is virtually no need to see patients. Almost all patients are better off unseen. See these fingers?"

We looked carefully at the Fat Man's stubby fingers.

"These fingers do not touch bodies

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unless they have to. You want to see bodies, go see bodies. I've seen enough bodies and especially bodies of gomers to last me the rest of my life."

"What's a gomer?" I asked.

"What's a gomer?" said the Fat Man. With a little smile he spelled out "G-O-"

He stopped, his mouth still set in the "O," and stared at the doorway. There stood Chuck, wearing a collar-to-toe-length brown leather coat with tan fur ruffles at the edges, sunglasses, and a brown leather hat with a broad rim and a red feather. He walked clumsily on platform heels, and looked as if he'd been up dancing the night away.

"Hey, man, what's happenin'?" said Chuck, and slid into the nearest chair, slouching down, covering his eyes with a weary hand. As a token gesture, he unbuttoned his coat, and threw his stethoscope on the table. It was broken. He looked at it and said, "Well, I guess I broke my scope, eh? Rough day."

"You look like some kind of mugger," said a BMS.

"That's right, man, 'cause you see in Chicago where I come from there are only two kinds of dudes—the muggers and the mugged. Now if you don't dress like a mugger, man, you automatically get yourself mugged. You dig?"

"Never mind dig," said the Fat Man. "Pay attention. I was not supposed to be your resident today. A woman named Jo was, but her father jumped off a bridge and killed himself yesterday. The House switched our assignments, and I'll be your resident for the first three weeks. After what I did as an intern last year, they didn't want to expose the fresh terns to me today, but they had no choice. Why didn't they want you to meet me your first day as a doctor? Because I tell things as they are—no bullshitology—and they don't want you to get discouraged too soon. They're right—if you start to get as depressed now as you'll be in February, in February you'll jump off a bridge like Jo's pop. They want you to cuddle with your illusions, so you don't give in to your panic. 'Cause I know how scared you three new terns are today."

I loved him. He was the first person to tell us he knew about our terror.

"What's there to be depressed about?" asked Potts.

"The gomers," said the Fat Man.

"What's a gomer?"

From outside the room came a high-pitched, insistent cry:

GO AVAY GO AVAY GO AVAY

"Who's on call today? You three interns rotate days on call, and you only admit patients on your call day. Who's admitting today?"

"I am," said Potts.

"Good, 'cause that awful sound comes from a gomer. If I'm not mistaken, it's from one Ina Goober, whom I admitted six times last year. A gomer, or rather, the feminine, gomere. Gomer is an acronym: Get Out of My Emergency Room—it's what you want to say when one's sent in from the nursing home at 3 a.m."

"I think that's kind of crass," said Potts. "Some of us don't feel that way about old people."

"You think I don't have a grandmother?" asked Fats, indignantly. "I do, and she's the cutest, dearest, most wonderful old lady. Her matzoh balls float—you have to pin them down to eat them up. Under their force the soup levitates. We eat on ladders, scraping the food off the ceiling. I love . . . ." The Fat Man had to stop, and dabbed the tears from his eyes, and then went on in a soft voice, "I love her very much."

I thought of my grandfather. I loved him too.

"But gomers are not just dear old people," said Fats. "Gomers are human beings who have lost what goes into being human beings. They want to die, and we will not let them. We're cruel to the gomers, by saving them, and they're cruel to us, by fighting tooth and nail against our trying to save them. They hurt us, we hurt them."

"I don't get it," said Potts.

"After Ina you'll get it. But listen—even though I said I don't see patients, when you need me, I'm here with you. If you're smart, you'll use me. Like those dolled-up jets that cargo the gomers to Miami: 'I'm Fats, fly me.' Now let's get on to the cardflip."

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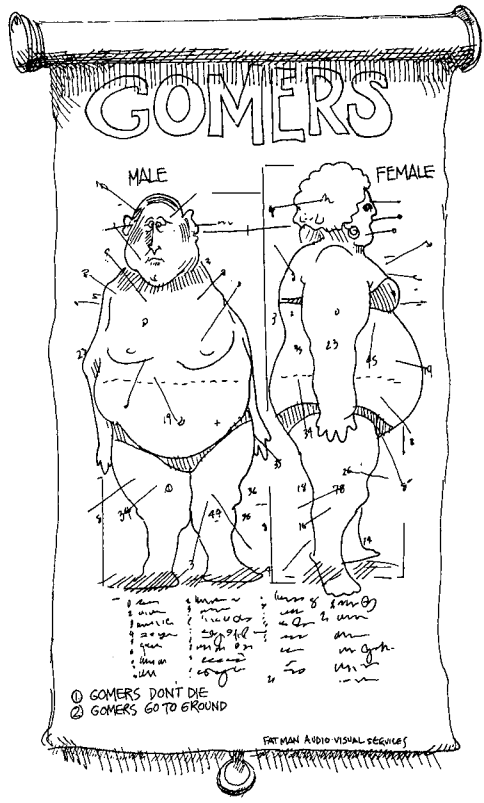
The efficiency of the Fat Man's world rested on the concept of the three-by-five index card. He loved three-by-five cards. Announcing that "there is no human being whose medical characteristics cannot be listed on a three-by-five index card," he laid out two thick decks on the table. The one on the right was his. The duplicate deck on the left he split in three and handed a stack to each of the new terns. On each card was a patient. The Fat Man explained how on his work rounds he would flip a card, pause, and expect that tern to comment on the progress being made. Not that he expected progress to have been made, but he had to have some data so that at the next cardflip, a condensed version later in the morning with the Chief Resident and the Chief of Medicine, he could relate "some bullshit or other" to them. The first cards flipped each day would be the new admissions from the tern who'd been on call the night before. The Fat Man made it clear that he was not interested in fancy elaborations of academic theories of disease. Not that he was anti-academic. To the contrary, he was the only resident to have his own reference file on every disease there was, on three-by-five cards. He loved references on three-by-five cards. He loved everything that was on a three-by-five card. But the Fat Man had strict priorities, and at the top was food. Until that awesome tank of a mind had been fueled via that eager nozzle of a mouth, Fats had a low tolerance for medicine, academic or otherwise, and for anything else.

Rounds over, Fats headed to breakfast, and we headed out to the ward to get to know the patients on our cards. Potts, looking green, said, "Roy, I'm as nervous as a whore in church." My BMS, Levy, wanted to go see my patients with me, but I shooed him away to the library, where BMSs love to be. Chuck and Potts and I stood at the nursing station, and the hairy-armed nurse told Potts that the woman on the stretcher was his first admission of the day, named Ina Goober. Ina was a great mass of flesh sitting upright on a stretcher, wearing, like a uniform, a gown that had blazoned across its front The New Masada Nursing Home. Glowering, Ina clutched her purse. She was yelling a high-pitched:

GO AVAY GO AVAY GO AVAY—

Potts did what the textbooks said to do: introduced himself, saying, "Hello,



Mrs. Goober, I'm Dr. Potts. I'll be taking care of you."

Upping her volume, Ina screamed:

GO AVAY GO AVAY GO AVAY—

Potts next tried to engage her using the other textbook method, grasping her right hand. Quick as lightning Ina struck him a southpaw blow with her purse, knocking him back against the counter. The sinister violence of it shocked us. Potts, rubbing his head, asked Maxine the nurse whether Ina had a Private Doctor who could provide information.

"Yes," said Maxine, "Dr. Kreinberg. Little Otto Kreinberg. That's him over there, writing Ina's orders in her chart."

"The Private Doctors are not supposed to write orders," said Potts.

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"That's a rule. Only interns and residents write orders."

"Little Otto is different. He doesn't want you writing orders on his patients."

"I'll talk to him about that right now."

"You can't. Little Otto won't talk to interns. He hates you."

"He hates me?"

"He hates everyone. See, he invented something having to do with the heart 30 years ago, and he expected to get the Nobel Prize, but he hasn't, so he's bitter. He hates everyone, especially interns."

"Well, man," said Chuck, "sure is a great case. See you later."

I was so scared at the thought of seeing patients that I had an attack of diarrhea and sat in the toilet with my *How To Do It* manual spread on my knees. My beeper went off: DR. BASCH CALL WARD 6-SOUTH RIGHT AWAY DR. BASCH.

Now I had no choice. I could no longer run. I went out onto the ward and tried to go see my patients. In my doctor costume, I took my black bag and entered their rooms. With my black bag I came out of their rooms. They were patients, and all I knew was in libraries, in print. I tried to read their charts. The words blurred, and my mind bounced from How To Do cardiac arrests to this strange Fat Man to Ina's vicious attack on poor Potts and to Little Otto whose name rang no bell in Stockholm. Running through my mind, over and over like Muzak, was a mnemonic for the branches of the external carotid artery: As She Lay Extended Olaf's Potato Slipped In. And even there, the only one I could remember was Olaf's, which stood for Occipital. And what the hell use was that?

I started to panic. And then finally the cries coming from the various rooms saved me. All of a sudden, I thought "zoo." This was a zoo and these patients were the animals. A little old man with a tuft of white hair standing on one leg with a crutch and making sharp worried chirps was an egret, and a huge Polish woman of the peasant

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variety with sledgehammer hands and two lower molars protruding from her cavernous mouth became a hippo. Many different species of monkey appeared, and sows were represented in force. In my zoo, however, neither were there any majestic lions, nor any cuddly koalas, nor bunnies, nor swans.

Two stand out. First, a heifer named Sophie, who'd been admitted by her Private Doctor with a chief complaint of "I'm depressed, I've got headaches all the time." For some reason her Private, Dr. Putzel, had ordered the complete gastrointestinal workup, consisting of barium enema, upper GI series, small bowel followthrough, sigmoidoscopy, and liver scan. I didn't know what this had to do with depression and headache. I entered her room and found the old lady with a balding little man who was sitting on her bed, patting her hand affectionately. How sweet, I thought, her son has come to visit. It was not her son, it was Dr. Bob Putzel, whom Fats described as "the hand-holder from the suburbs." I introduced myself, and when I asked Putzel about the reason for the GI workup for depression, he looked sheepish, straightened his bow tie, murmured "flatulence," and, kissing Sophie, hurried out. Confused, I called in the Fat Man.

"What is it with this GI workup?" I asked. "She says she's depressed and has a headache."

"It's the specialty of the House," said Fats, "the bowel run. TTB—Therapeutic Trial of Barium."

"There's nothing therapeutic about barium. It's inert."

"Of course it is. But the bowel run is the great equalizer."

"She's depressed. There's nothing wrong with her bowels."

"Of course there's not. There's nothing wrong with her either. It's just that she got tired of going to Putzel's office, and he got tired of calling at her house, so they both pile into his white Continental and come to our House. She's fine—she's a LOL in NAD, a Little Old Lady in No Apparent Distress. You don't think Putzel knows that too? And every time he holds Sophie's hand, it's 40 of your Blue Cross dollars. Millions. You know that new building, the Wing of Zock? Know what it's for? The bowel run of the rich. Carpets, individual changing rooms in radiology with color TV and quadraphonic sound. I'm searching for a GI fellowship, myself."

"But with Sophie, it's fraud."

"Of course it is. Not only that, it means work for you, and Putzel is the one making the money. It sucks."

"It's crazy," I said.

"It's doing medicine the House of God way."

"So what can I do about it?"

"Start by not talking to her. If you talk to these patients, you'll never get rid of them."

Rokitansky was an old basset. He was also, according to the Fat Man, a gomer. He'd been a college professor and had suffered a severe stroke. He lay on his bed, strapped down, IVs going in, catheter coming out. Motionless, paralyzed, eyes closed, breathing comfortably, perhaps dreaming of a bone, or a boy, or a boy throwing a bone.

"Mr. Rokitansky, how are you doing?" I asked.

Without opening his eyes, after 15 seconds, in a husky slurred growl from deep down in his smushed brain he said:

PURRTY GUD.

Pleased, I asked "Mr. Rokitansky, what date is it today?"

PURRTY GUD.

To all my questions, his answer was always the same. I felt sad. A professor, now a vegetable. Again I thought of my grandfather and got a lump in my throat. Turning to Fats, I said, "This is too sad. He's going to die."

"No he's not," said Fats. "He wants to, but he won't."

"He can't go on like this."

"Sure he can. Listen, Basch, there are a number of Laws of the House of God. Law Number One: Gomers Don't Die."

"That's ridiculous. Of course they die."

"I've never seen it, in a whole year here," said Fats.

"They have to."

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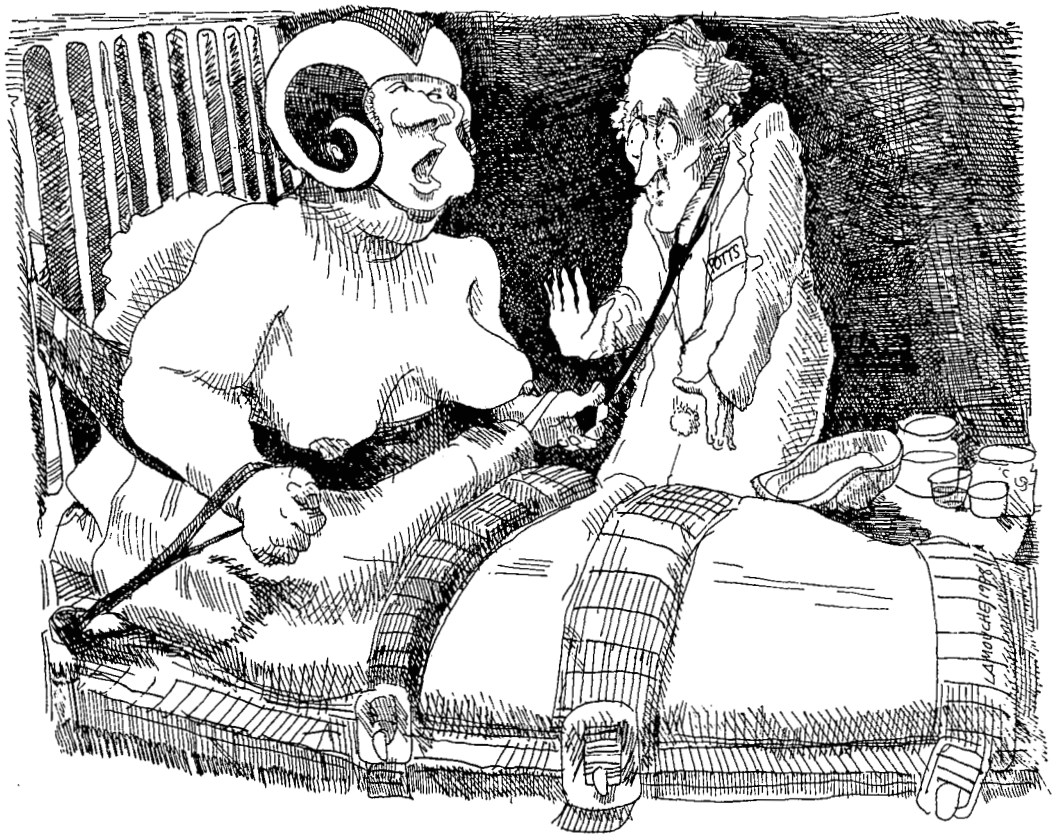

"They don't. They go on and on. Young people—like you and me—die, but not the gomers. Never seen it. Not once."

"Why not?"

"Nobody knows."

Potts came in, looking puzzled and concerned. He wanted the Fat Man's help with Ina Goober. They left, and I turned back to Rokitansky. In the dim half-light, I thought I saw tears trickling down the old man's cheeks. Shame swept over me. My stomach churned. Had he heard what we'd said?

"Mr. Rokitansky, are you crying?" I asked, and I waited, as the long seconds ticked away, my guilt moaning inside me.

PURRTY GUD.

"But did you hear what we said about gomers?"

PURRTY GUD.

I left, and stopped by to listen to Fats on Ina Goober.

"But there's no indication for the bowel run," Potts was saying.

"No medical indication," said Fats.

"What else is there?"

"For the House Privates, a big one. Tell him, Basch, tell him."

"Money," I said.

"And no matter what you do, Potts," said the Fat Man, "Ina will be here for weeks. See you on Visit Rounds in 15."

"This is the most depressing thing I've ever done," said Potts, lifting up a pendulous breast as Ina continued to shriek and attempt to whack him with her tied-down left hand.

Under the breast was greeny scum-like material, and as the foul aroma hit us, I thought that this first day must be even worse for Potts. He was a displaced person, from Charleston, South Carolina, to the North. He came from a rich Old Family who owned a dreamhouse on Legare Street amidst the magnolias and yellow jasmine, a summerhouse on Pawley's Island, where the only competition was between waves and winds, and an upriver plantation, where he and his brothers would sit out on the porch of a cool summer night and peruse Moliere.

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Potts had made the fatal mistake of coming North to Princeton and then compounded his mistake by coming to the BMS.

"Oh, and by the way," said the Fat Man, poking his head in again, "I've written an order for this."

In his hand was a Los Angeles Rams football helmet.

"What's that for?" asked Potts.

"It's for Ina," Fats said, strapping it on her head. "Law Number Two: Gomers Go To Ground."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"Fall out of bed. I know Ina from last year. She's a totally demented loxed-out gomere, and no matter how securely restrained, she'll go to ground every time. She cracked her skull twice last year and was here for months. 'Til we thought of the helmet. Oh and by the way—even though she's dehydrated, whatever you do, do not hydrate her. Her dehydration's got nothing to do whatever with her dementia, even though the textbooks say it does. If you hydrate her, she stays demented, but she gets incredibly abusive."

Potts' head turned to watch the Fat Man go, and somehow, her left hand free, Ina slugged him again. Reflexively, Potts raised his hand to hit her and then stopped himself. The Fat Man nearly keeled over with laughter.

"Ho, ho, did you see that? I love 'em, I love these gomers, I do . . . ." and he laughed his way out the door. The manipulation of her head intensified Ina's screams:

GO AVAY GO AVAY GO AVAY

Leaving her tied down six ways from Sunday, the ram horns curling round her ears, we proceeded to Visit Rounds.

Being an academic House affiliated with the BMS, the House of God had a Visit for each ward team: a member of the Privates or Academic Slurpers who held teaching rounds every day. Our Visit was George Donowitz, a Private who'd been pretty good in the pre-penicillin era. The patient presented was a generally healthy young man who'd been admitted for routine tests of his renal function. My BMS, Levy, presented the case, and when Donowitz grilled him about diagnoses, the BMS, straight from the library of obscure diagnoses, said, "amyloidosis."

"Typical," muttered the Fat Man as we gathered round the patient's bed. "Typical BMS. A BMS hears hoofbeats outside his window, the first thing he thinks of is a zebra. This guy's uremic from his recurrent childhood infections that damaged his kidneys. Besides, there's no treatment for amyloid anyway."

"Amyloid?" asked Donowitz. "Good thought. Let me show you a bedside test for amyloid. As you know, people with the disease bruise easily, very easily indeed."

Donowitz reached down and twisted the skin on the patient's forearm. Nothing happened. Puzzled, he said, "Sometimes you have to do it a bit harder." He took hold of the skin, wadded it up, and gave it a tremendous twist. The patient gave a yelp, leapt up off the mattress, and began to cry with pain. Donowitz looked down and found that he'd ripped a big chunk of flesh from the guy's arm. Blood was squirting from the wound. Donowitz turned pale and didn't know what to do. Embarrassed, he took the piece of flesh and tried to put it back, patting it down as if he could make it stay in place. Finally, mumbling "I . . . I'm so sorry," he ran out of the room. With a cool expertise the Fat Man put a gauze compression bandage on the wound. We left.

"So what did you learn?" asked Fats. "You learned that uremic skin is brittle, and that the House Privates stink. What else? What do we have to look out for in this poor bastard now?"

The BMSs ventured several zebras, and Fats told them to shut up. Potts and I went blank.

"Infection," said Chuck. "In uremia you gotta watch for infection."

"Exactly," said Fats. "Bacteria City. We'll culture for everything. If it hadn't been for Donowitz, that guy would be going home tomorrow. Now, if he lives, it'll be weeks. And if he knew about this, it would be Malpractice City."

At this thought the BMSs perked up

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again. The BMS now comprised a majority of minority groups, and "social medicine" was a hot ticket. The BMSs wanted to tell the patient so he could sue.

"It won't work," said Fats, " 'cause the worse the Private, the better the bedside manner, and the higher the patient's regard. If a doctor buys the TV illusion of 'the doctor,' so does the patient. How can a patient know which are the 'Double O' Privates? No way."

" 'Double O' ?" I asked.

"Licensed to kill," said Fats. "Time for lunch. We'll see from the cultures where Donowitz last stuck his finger before trying to murder that poor uremic schlump."

When the Fat Man went to lunch and we did not, the terror returned. Maxine asked me to write an order for an aspirin for Sophie's headache, and as I started to sign my name, I realized I was responsible for any complications, and I stopped. Had I asked Sophie if she was allergic to aspirin? Nope. I did. She was not. I started to sign the order, and stopped. Aspirin causes ulcers. Did I want to have her bleed out and die from an ulcer? I would wait for the Fat Man and ask him if it was all right. He returned.

"I've got a question for you, Fats."

"I've got an answer. I've always got an answer."

"Is it all right to give Sophie two aspirin for her headache?"

Looking at me as if I were from another planet, Fats said, "Did you hear what you just asked me?"

"Yes."

"Roy, listen. Mothers give aspirin to babies. You give aspirin to yourself. What is this, anyway?"

"I guess I'm just afraid to sign my name to the order."

"She's indestructible. Relax. I'm sitting right here. OK?"

He put his feet up on the counter and opened *The Wall Street Journal.* I wrote the order for the aspirin and, feeling dumb, went to see a gorilla named Zeiss. Forty-two, mean, with bad heart disease, Zeiss needed a new IV put in. I introduced myself, and tried. My hand shook, and in the hot room, I got sweaty, and the drops of sweat plopped onto the sterile field. I missed the vein, and Zeiss yelped. The second time, I went in more slowly, and Zeiss squirmed, moaned, and cried out:

"Help, nurse! Chest pain! Get me my nitroglycerin!"

Terrific, Basch—your first cardiac patient and you are about to give him a heart attack.

"I'm having a heart attack!"

Wonderful. Call a doctor. Wait—you are a doctor.

"Are you a real doctor or what? My nitros! Fast!"

I put a tablet under his tongue. He told me to get lost. Crushed, I wished I could.

The day wore on. Potts and I clustered around the Fat Man like ducklings round a mother duck. Fats sat there, feet up, reading, ostensibly into the world of stocks and bonds and commodities, and yet, like a king who knows his kingdom as well as he knows his own body, who feels the rages of a distant flood in the pulsating of his own kidneys, and the bounty of a harvest in his own full gut, he seemed to have a sense for any problem on the ward, instructing us, forewarning us, helping Potts and me. And once, only once, he moved—fast, unashamedly a hero.

A scheduled admission, named Leo, had arrived for Potts. Gaunt, white-haired, friendly, a little breathless, Leo stood at the nursing station, suitcase at his feet. Potts and I introduced ourselves and chatted with him. Potts was relieved that here, at last, was a patient who could talk to him, who was not deathly sick, and who would not slug him. What Potts and I didn't know was that Leo was about to attempt to die. In the midst of a chuckle at one of Potts' jokes, Leo turned blue and fell down on the floor. Potts and I stood there, mute, still, frozen, unable to move. My one thought was, "How embarrassing for poor Leo." Fats glanced over, leapt to his feet, yelled out, "Thump him!" which we were too panicked to do, and which I thought would be rather melodramatic, and ran

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over to us, thumped Leo, breathed Leo, closed-chest cardiac massaged Leo, IV'd Leo, and organized with a cool virtuosity Leo's cardiac arrest, and Leo's return from the world of the dead. A large crowd had arrived to assist in the arrest, and Potts and I had been pushed out of the action. Fats was marvelous, his handling of the arrest a work of art.

When Leo had returned to life, Fats walked us back to the nursing station, put his feet back up, opened the paper again, and said, "All right, all right, so you panicked. I know. It's awful and it's not the last time either. Just don't forget what you saw. Law Number Three: At An Arrest, The First Procedure Is To Take Your Own Pulse."

"I guess I wasn't worried about him because he was an elective admission and not an emergency," said Potts.

"Elective doesn't mean shit around here," said Fats. "Leo would have died. He's young enough to die, you know."

"Young?" I asked. "He looks 75.

"Fifty-two. Congestive heart failure's worse than most cancers. It's ones his age that die. There's no way he'll become a gomer, not with a disease like that. And that's the challenge of medicine: gomers gomers gomers where you can't do anything for them and then, suddenly—Wham!—in comes Leo, a lovely guy who can die, and you gotta move fast to save him. It's like what Joe Garagiola said last night about Luis Tiant: 'He gives you all his herky-jerky stuff and then, when he comes in with his heater, it looks a whole yard faster.'"

"His heater?" asked Potts.

"Oh Jesus," said Fats. "His fast ball—HIS FAST BALL!—where did they get you guys, anyway?"

By that time I was wondering the same thing, and so was Potts. Both of us felt incompetent. For some reason, Chuck was different. He didn't need help. He knew what to do. Later that afternoon, I asked him about how he seemed so competent already.

"Easy, man. See I never read nuthin'. I just did it all."

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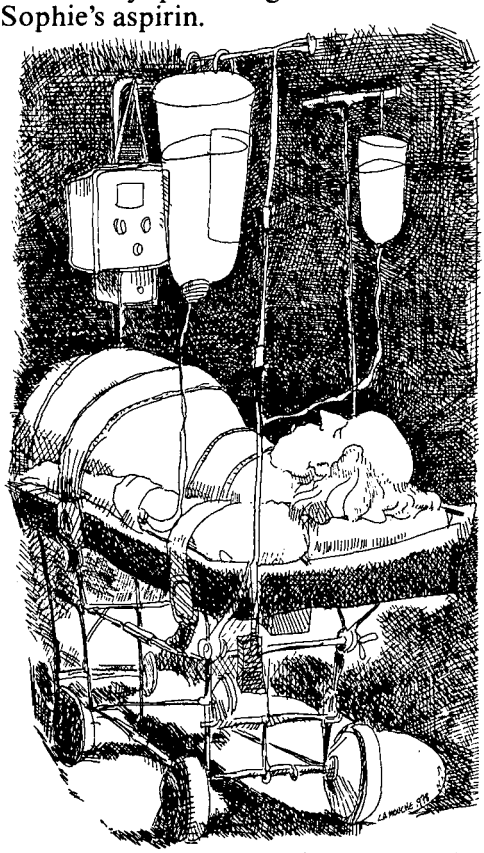
"You never read anything?"

"Just that story about them red ants. But I know how to put in a big line, tap a chest—you name it, I done it. Ain't you?"

"Nope. None of that," I said, thinking about my piddling around with Sophie's aspirin.



"Well, man, what all did you do at the BMS?"

"Books. I know all there is to know about medicine in books."

"Well it looks like that was your failing, man, that right there. Like my not joining the army."

Potts came over to us and picked up the lab results from the morning.

"Lazlow's liver functions are getting worse," he said.

"He looks mighty yellow," said Chuck. "Lemmee see. Too high. If I was you, Potts, I'd give him some roids."

"Roids?"

"Steroids, man, steroids. Whose patient is he, anyhow?"

"He's mine. He's too poor to afford a Private Doctor."

"Well, I'd give him the roids. Never know if he don't have fulminant necrotic hepatitis. If'n he does, unless you hit him with the roids now, he's gonna die."

"Yeah," said Potts. "But the tests aren't that high, and steroids have a lot of side effects. I'd just as soon wait a day."

"Suit yourself. Looks awful yellow, though, don't he?"

Thinking about what the Fat Man said about the young dying, I got up to do some work. When I returned to the nursing station, I saw two Little Old Ladies peering through their thick cataract-defying glasses at the blackboard on which were written the names of the new interns on the ward. They mentioned my name, and I asked them if they were looking for me. Tiny, a foot below me, huddled together, they peered up at me.

"Oh yes," said one. "Oh aren't you the tall young doctor."

"Handsome and tall," said the other. "Yes, we want to hear the news about our brother Itzak."

"Itzak Rokitansky. The professor. Brilliant, he was."

"How is he, Dr. Basch?"

I felt trapped, not knowing what to say. Fighting the impulse to say PURRTY GUD, I said, "Well . . . I've only been here a day. It's too early to tell. We'll have to wait and see."

"It's his brain," said one. "His marvelous brain. We're glad you'll be taking care of him, and we'll look for you tomorrow. We visit every day."

"We spend much of our time now visiting the ones who are ill. Goodbye Dr. Basch. Thank you so much."

I left them, and noticed them pointing at me to each other, pleased that I would be their brother's doctor. I was moved. I was a doctor. For the first time that day, I felt excited, proud. They believed in me, in my art. I would take care of their brother, and them. Take care of the whole world, why not? I marched down the hallway with pride. I fingered the chrome of my stethoscope with a certain expertise. Like I knew what I was doing. Far out.

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It didn't last. I got more and more tired, more and more caught up in the multitudinous bowel runs and lab tests. The jackhammers of the Wing of Zock had been wiggling my ossicles for 12 hours. I hadn't had time for breakfast, lunch, or dinner, and there was still more work to do. I hadn't even had time for the toilet, for each time I'd gone in, the grim beeper had routed me out. I felt discouraged, worn. Before he left for the day, the Fat Man came by and asked if there was anything else I wanted to talk about.

"I don't get it," I said. "This isn't medicine, this isn't what I signed up for. Not writing orders for cleanouts for the bowel run."

"Bowel runs are important," said Fats.

"But aren't there any normal medical patients?"

"These are normal medical patients."

"They can't be. Hardly any of them are young."

"Sophie's young; she's 68 ."

"Between the old people and the bowel runs, it's crazy. It's not at all what I expected when I walked in here this morning."

"I know. It's not what I expected either. We all expect the American Medical Dream—the whites, the cures, the works. Modern medicine's different: it's Potts being socked by Ina. Ina who should have been allowed to die eight years ago, when she asked, in writing, in her New Masada chart. Medicine is 'bedrest until complications,' Blue Cross payments for holding hands, and all the rest you've seen today, with the odd Leo thrown in to die."

Thinking of the Rokitansky girls, I said, "You're too cynical."

"Did Potts get socked by Ina or did he not?"

"He did, but all of medicine isn't like that."

"Right. In the teeth of our expertise, the ones our age die."

"Cynic."

"Ah yes," said Fats, eyes twinkling. "No one wants you to know all this yet. That's why they wanted you to start with Jo, and not me. I wish I could lie. Doesn't matter, 'cause I can't discourage you yet. Like sex, you gotta find it out for yourself. So why don't you go home?"

"I've got some more work to do."

"Well you won't believe this either, but most of the work you do doesn't matter. For the care of these gomers, it doesn't matter a damn."

He left. I felt scared without him and troubled by what he'd said. Got to find out for myself? In fifth grade, when I'd asked an Italian kid why he liked having sex, he'd said, "'Cause it feels good." I couldn't understand someone doing it because it felt good. What sense was there in that?

I drove home. The sun was a foreign diseased thing, glowering down a hot red contagion on the city. I was so tired that I had a hard time driving, the white lines weaving back and forth across the road, like the visual aura to an epileptic's seizure. The people I saw seemed strange, as if they should have some disease that I should be able to diagnose. No one had a right to be healthy, for my world was only disease. Even the braless women, sweat collecting in the hollows of their breasts, nipples poking out with the full expectation of a lush and sultry summer night, their eroticism magnified by the scents of the July blossoms and of their aroused bodies, were less the stuff of sex and more the specimens of anatomy. Diseases of the breast. I hummed, of all things, a bossanova: "Blame it on the carcinoma, hey hey hey . . . ."

In my mailbox was a note: "I think of you all night, I think of you in white. It's hard to be an intern, but I know you will return. Love, Berry." Undressing, I thought of Berry, but they had started in on me, and I was through with feeling anything more for that day, including sex, including love. I lay down on top of the cool sheets, which felt as soft as the sole of a baby's foot, soft as the inside of a baby's mouth, and I thought of this puzzling Fat Man and that even if summer is green, death is an odd number, an odd, odd number. ■

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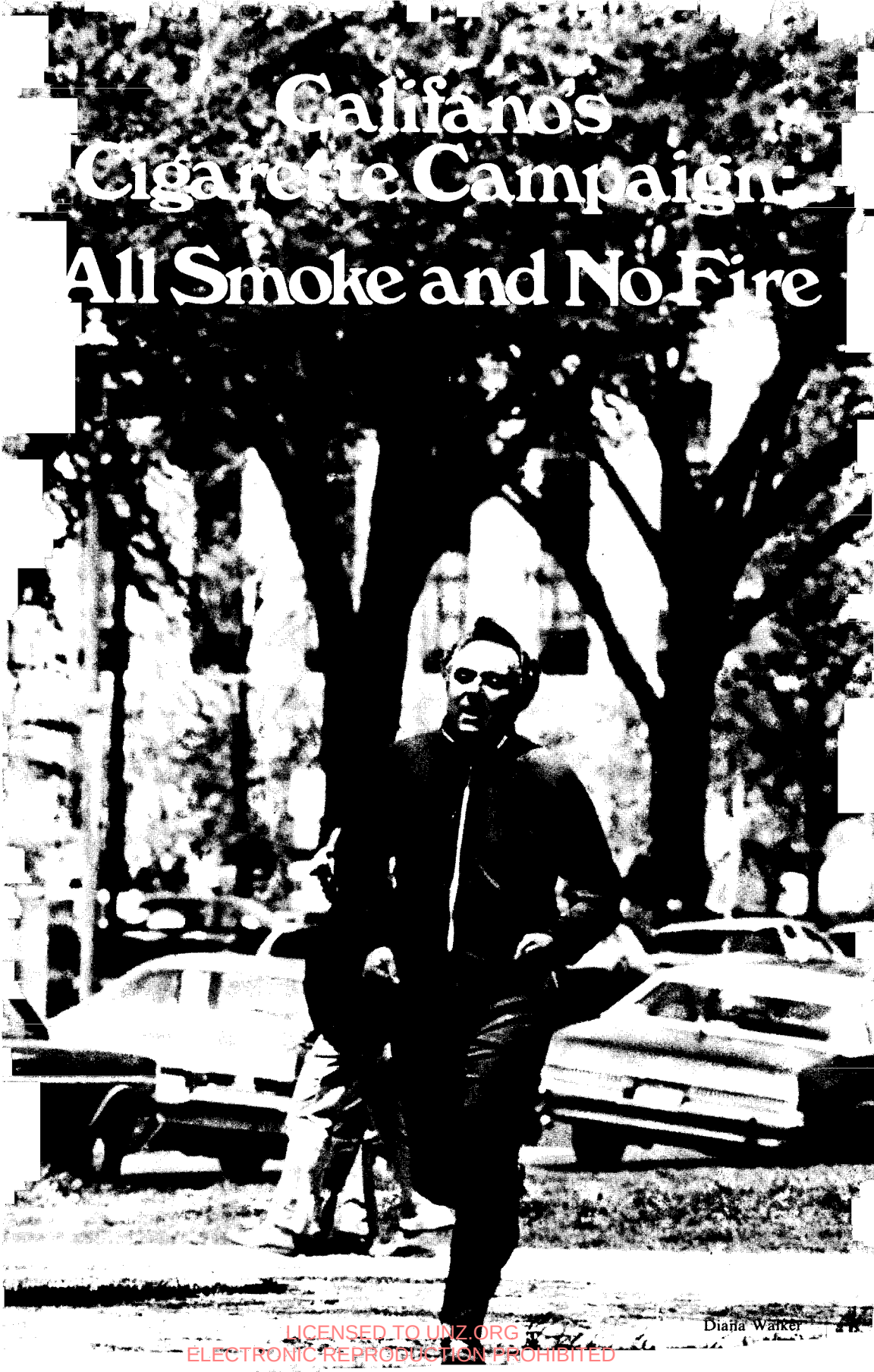
Califano's Cigarette Campaign: All Smoke and No Fire



Diana Walker

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by Blythe Babyak

The story of Health, Education, and Welfare Secretary Joseph Califano's much touted anti-smoking campaign is full of lessons on how this insider and his city work. With this, as with many other Califano crusades, the Secretary's approach is like that of a man who attempts to fight a forest fire with a squirt gun. His mock heroics are taken seriously only because the Secretary puts all the famous Califano energy into making them look good, and because so few other politicians can manage the sound and the fury he can, never mind producing results. So the press took the anti-smoking campaign seriously, as if it were what it pretended to be. Stories either cheered a desperately needed attack on a deadly killer, or bewailed the terrors of a new federal invasion of the realm of private vices and liberties—but all shared the assumption that the program would affect our lives.

Only a few weeks ago *Newsweek* ran a four-page rave on Califano entitled "Crusading at HEW."(Califano was, of course, the lawyer for the Washington Post Company, owner of *Newsweek*.) The section on the anti-smoking campaign was a perfect example of the kind of misleading prose the Secretary inspires. The article retold the story of Califano quitting to please his eleven-year-old son and then discovering the horrors of smoking (220,000 heart disease deaths and 100,000 cancer deaths yearly are related to smoking as are $5 to $7 billion in health costs and $12 to $18 billion in lost productivity). Then, without explaining exactly what Califano actually did, the piece gave the impression that he really did something, the proof being that he got the tobacco interests after him. But, the article concluded, there would be no problem, because "Carter backed up his HEW chief." Shortly thereafter, *Time* weighed in with a Califano cover story.

Blythe Babyak is a freelance writer.

"I Love This Job!" was the headline. *Time* agreed with *Newsweek* that on the smoking campaign, "Carter has consistently supported his embattled Cabinet officer."

But it wasn't that way at all. Yes, the terrible statistics about smoking are true, and yes, the Secretary did lay down some new restrictions on smoking in HEW buildings. And I suppose only true skeptics could doubt that story we hear ad nauseum about how Califano quit to please his son. But no, Califano did not launch the meaningful drive most of the coverage implied. Nor did Carter back up his HEW chief.

"Obfuscation is not a bad policy," says an admiring Califano-watcher. No indeed. Ambitious young lawyers are undoubtedly studying Califano's publicity-grabbing ploys in anticipation of their own day in government. But Califano's performance isn't seamless. If you compare rhetoric and reality you can catch him in the act.

Califano's anti-smoking adventure started nearly two years ago when Ralph Nader and the head of his Health Research Group, Dr. Sidney Wolfe, met with the Secretary-designate and urged him to make a major anti-smoking effort. Despite the link to cancer, cigarette smoking was on the rise and had been for several years. Califano indicated that an anti-smoking campaign should be a top priority, but it took him another eight months even to get around to forming a group to "brainstorm" possible approaches. The report that emerged from this group was termed "dangerous" by one HEW source. "They came up with rather extreme remedies, and we're just not going to jump in with both feet," the source explained, excusing himself for a moment to ask an assistant if replies to the anti-smoking campaign were going out "right away." The letters had been sent over from the

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White House, the official said with a "you know what that means" look. "We're very sensitive to public opinion."

The public, of course, first became aware of Califano's "vigorous effort against smoking and to protect the rights of the non-smoking majority" from a speech the Secretary gave last January. Califano announced that he was banning smoking in certain HEW locations and recommending to the chief executives of the Fortune 500 corporations that they toughen up their companies' smoking rules. Califano also announced that he had asked the head of the General Services Administration to consider anti-smoking regulations for all 10,000 buildings the GSA manages and said that, in addition, he had asked the Federal Trade Commission to consider strengthening warnings on cigarette packages and in advertising, setting maximum levels for tar and nicotine, and banning all smoking on commercial airlines. Califano also spoke of forcibly encouraging all HEW-funded hospitals to review their smoking rules, of requesting insurance companies to give special rates to non-smokers, and of creating an HEW-Treasury task force that would investigate raising the excise tax on cigarettes. Not bad for one speech.

Very Little When You Consider

It was only after describing these earthshaking plans that Califano announced what was really the major thrust of his program: $20 million for research into the causes and effects of the cigarette habit—very little when you consider the hundreds of millions spent researching other habits and diseases. Califano also introduced an education program that he called "a counterweight to the blandishments that are influencing thousands of young people to risk their health by smoking." His "counter-weight" to the half-billion dollars the tobacco industry spends every year on "education" is $6 million. All this would be added to the $3 to 4 million the government was already spending every year to combat smoking.

Now to make clear what Califano was trying to obscure: his big deal, bring-out-the-bands anti-smoking campaign was not that long list of tough measures he was asking the FTC and General Services Administration to consider, but merely some regulations about smoking in HEW halls, a small research grant, and an even smaller one for education. A total of $30 million for a problem estimated to cost us $11 to $16 *billion* yearly.

While Califano didn't mention in his speech the $78.9 million the federal government now spends every year on tobacco subsidies, when questioned later he talked about doing away with the supports. This seemed only logical—simultaneous federal support and condemnation of the same product is a schizophrenic policy at best.

The tobacco subsidy made sense back in 1933, when it was enacted as part of the New Deal agricultural legislation. The supports were meant to be a temporary measure that would get farmers through the depression—not, as it has turned out, a subsidy that benefits the large growers most while giving the small farmers just enough to keep them from getting out.

While the support system may have been defensible back when tobacco was considered a healthful basic commodity, it's just a way of buying political support now. Tobacco means business in Southern states like North Carolina, Kentucky, Virginia, and Georgia. And it means political power. Senator Herman Talmadge keeps the tobacco lobby's interests in mind from the chair of the Senate Agriculture and Forestry Committee. In the House, all but two members of the tobacco subcommittee are from tobacco states. Add a well-financed, well-represented lobby, and tobacco would be a force to reckon with even if the President weren't from Georgia.

Califano's talk about cutting off subsidies sent this force into retaliatory action. In no time, Califano changed his mind, and his subordinates were soon putting out a new line—that tobacco subsidies were "too complicated" to

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tangle with. But even after Califano caved in on subsidies and slacked off on some other proposals, the tobacco people kept after him, howling and complaining as if his little program were actually threatening their interests. No doubt they figured that if they played their part in this ritual of punishment convincingly enough, real controls were unlikely ever to be imposed. "Califano has tobacco base burned up!" said the headlines.

The Man of Experience

Califano also burned up the President.

"Califano is making war on Carter's voter base—the old populist coalition of blacks and poor whites," explains a Washington lawyer long active in Democratic politics. "His loyalties just don't run to the President. His loyalties are to himself." White House aides dislike Califano for his imperial, Man of Experience manner.

"He's the consummate insider," explains a fellow insider. "He knows he's been running this place and hobnobbing with Ben Bradlee for nearly 20 years and that Ham Jordan's just a flash in the pan—and the attitude shows. A lawyer who makes over half a million a year is plugged in, and Joe can still push some of those buttons now. He's a real lawyer in the Washington sense of the word, and Washington lawyers are, as the saying goes, 'a different breed of white folk.' We don't want to become Clarence Darrows. We just know who to go to when our clients need help. Califano is close to all the old power centers, including the newspaper he represented. But the Georgians aren't part of this."

Califano didn't even bother to tell his President that he was riding out against the Southern cash crop. The White House reportedly was sent a copy of Califano's opening sally just half an hour before he gave it.

The White House already had its own set of anti-smoking recommendations. An aide had sent the President a memo urging him to extend the moral crusade of the early months of his administration to an anti-smoking campaign. Carter thought about it, but not for long. His advisors reminded him that a Southern President has a lot to lose from such a campaign. The idea was canned. Later, the President's special assistant for health, Dr. Peter Bourne, gave a speech that undoubtedly expressed Carter's position as well as Bourne's.

"No matter how much we may favor prohibition of tobacco products, we are 300 years too late," said Bourne. He went on to make a modest proposal for research. The Califano speech that would follow differed from Bourne's more in style and presentation than in concrete proposals. Califano padded his speech with anti-smoking rhetoric and tough but hypothetical proposals, while Bourne quoted candidate Carter's statement that "the American people have been adequately warned" about the dangers of smoking. Bourne questioned the cost-effectiveness of "programs designed to scare young people out of smoking" (youth is the main focus of the Califano educational program) and cautioned against "antagonizing a significant segment of the population" with "government interference in their private lives." "Obligatory measures to reduce cigarette use should clearly be pursued cautiously," he concluded.

One could understand how, after a speech like Bourne's, an intrepid HEW Secretary concerned about smoking might have introduced a program that meant something but tried to pass it off as nothing so as not to raise the White House's hackles. But Califano did the reverse—presenting nearly nothing as if it were a bombshell.

After Califano's big anti-smoking speech members of the White House staff scurried about saying that most of the measures mentioned by Califano weren't the President's idea at all and weren't going to happen. Carter himself made this perfectly clear when he spoke at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, a few days after Secretary Califano's announcement. "As someone who comes from a great tobacco-producing state," he began, "it's an honor for me to

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be here in the capital of the greatest tobacco-producing state in the world." After the speech, reporters asked Carter how he could praise the state's congressmen for "taking care of tobacco farmers" and support Califano's anti-smoking campaign. Was the President calling off Califano?

No, said Carter, giving the only reply he could if he wasn't planning to dismiss Califano that very day. But, Carter added, "we have only a $30-million budget on tobacco at HEW. This is all Joe Califano asked for, and I think that's all he'll get. . . . I might say this has nothing to do at all with the maintenance of the standard of living or income protection of the 600,000 American families who produce tobacco." The President also indicated that research would not, as Califano had said, concentrate on helping people stop smoking, but would instead aim to make continued "use of tobacco in the future even more safe than it has been in the past." Califano may be in charge of health, said the President, but I'm taking care of tobacco.

The puzzle is not, of course, why the President assured his tobacco-growing constituents that the anti-smoking campaign was going nowhere—it's why Califano, who certainly must be able to tell an effective program from an ineffective one, chose to present his non-program with such fanfare and moral flourish. He wanted $30 million for what he called "the nation's primary preventable cause of death," when $250 million had been available for a nonexistent disease like swine flu. And yet anti-smoking officials insist that their program is the Secretary's special favorite, that a day doesn't pass that he doesn't send down some note or special instructions. Is Califano kidding us about his commitment to his campaign, or is he kidding himself?

"If he sincerely believed he was doing something, I'd be startled," said a friend, who also pointed out that Califano still owned a chunk of Philip Morris stock around the time of his confirmation. But there is Califano, a month after his announcement, testifying on Capitol Hill just to keep the show rolling. Califano repeated all the gruesome smoking statistics for those representatives in favor of anti-smoking action, while assuring congressmen from tobacco states that "the funding has been minimal." Coming in with an aura one aide described as "almost like Edward Kennedy's," Califano pulled off his performance and once again drew positive press.

While at first glance it seems quite stupid of Califano to dash about publicizing his non-program when the President wishes the issue would go away, the Secretary gets a lot of mileage out of this maneuver. First, he builds a constituency among those who see the dangers of smoking but don't read a program's fine print. Second, and most importantly, Califano distances himself from a troubled administration on an issue that's not important enough to merit his dismissal.

And then there is the sheer joy of getting press. Califano is one of the press-happiest fellows in a town where the philosophy is "I'm in the papers, therefore, I exist." "Califano is trying to elevate the public role of HEW, but it's short-sighted," explains the Health Research Group's Sidney Wolfe. Wolfe had great hopes for Califano until the Secretary went the big-pronouncements, minimal-delivery route on everything from the dangers of asbestos to cost containment. "It's extraordinary—just one empty thing after another. He has a good press secretary, though," says Wolfe.

The anti-smoking campaign was, admittedly, developed under difficult circumstances, and Califano no doubt wanted something more than what he got. But most projects run into opposition, few circumstances are ideal, and we are judged on how we perform under the conditions given. Whatever his excuses, and despite his many talents, Califano's anti-smoking campaign is far from his finest hour. While some degree of self-promotion is a fact of political life, one wishes Califano had cared less for the appearance and more for the reality. ■

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Memo of the Month

Members New York Stock Exchange, Inc.

Legg Mason Wood Walker, Inc., 1747 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006/Tel: 202 452-4000

Dear Congressional Staff Member:

Many of our clients are public servants, and we are aware that under House Rule XLIV, in all probability you are a professional required to file a financial disclosure statement.

While this is a natural outgrowth and a logical response to certain excesses, on the other hand, it is difficult to lay out one's complete life for public inspection.

In a memorandum dated March 22, 1978, and signed by Mr. Henshaw, Jr. (Clerk of the House of Representatives) and Congressman Preyer, (Chairman, Select Committee on Ethics), certain exceptions were granted regarding the disclosure rule.

What can this mean to you?

Basically, this enables you to protect against inflation, plan for the future by building equity for your retirement, and save taxes without having to report your investment strategy.

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We are looking forward to being of service.

Sincerely,

Rosalie H. Frank

Richard S. Will

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Diplomatic Featherbedding

by Janet Hook

Back in the days of World War II, London's Grosvenor Square was known as Little America; with the American embassy on one side and General Eisenhower's headquarters on another, the square was the center of relations between what were then two great world powers. Today the American embassy is still an imposing presence in Grosvenor Square, but the Anglo-American alliance it represents has changed profoundly. With the demise of the British Empire and the emergence of a centralized European defense, Britain is no longer the unique strategic partner she once was. People in diplomatic circles still like to talk about the "special relationship" between England and America, but in fact, Great Britain simply isn't such an important or useful ally anymore.

Although the Anglo-American alliance no longer dominates world affairs, the United States embassy in London today houses a staff of almost 700 people, which is more than twice the size it was immediately after World War II.

The increase is due not to the State Department—the number of Foreign Service personnel in London has not shrunk as it should have, but it has not increased dramatically either—but to a massive influx over the last three decades of personnel from federal agencies. Today, Foreign Service employees make up only slightly more than half of the London embassy staff. Where, then, do the other 312 people working in the embassy come from and what are they doing there?

Since the war, our foreign affairs bureaucracy has expanded to include independent agencies, such as the CIA, the Agency for International Development, and the International Communications Agency, which conduct their own overseas operations side by side with the Department of State. In addition, some four dozen other agencies, whose primary concerns are domestic, have become involved in overseas activities. The Agriculture Department, for example, sends representatives abroad to promote the sale of American farm surplus products. Today our London embassy houses attachés from 16 different federal domestic-policy agencies, including the Internal Revenue Service, the Drug Enforcement Agency, and the Federal Aviation Administration. Representatives of these agencies are nominally accountable to the ambassador, but most of them receive their instructions from and report to their bureaucratic homes in Washington.

The implications of this situation should be obvious: with the addition of employees of so many different Washington agencies, the embassy has all the makings of a replica, on a small

Janet Hook was an intern at The Washington Monthly *and is now doing graduate work at the London School of Economics.*

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scale, of the federal government with all its intramural conflict and competition.

It seems unlikely that Washington as a whole will change, so reform in an embassy like London's is most likely to come from careful scrutiny of each agency's activities there.

Overseas operations ought to be evaluated on the basis of each agency's claim that the Department of State cannot adequately meet its needs. The Drug Enforcement Agency might have a case here, but there are other agencies whose concerns are not very far from established embassy programs. The Commerce Department, for example, sends its representatives overseas to gather information about foreign market conditions and to promote American trade. But our business contacts in Great Britain are already good and trade information is readily available. It's hard to believe that the 44 State Department employees working in the embassy's economic and commercial affairs section and the 22 people employed in the consulates outside of London couldn't serve all the Commerce Department's needs.

Another agency in the London embassy that seems to be peculiarly over-represented is the Foreign Broadcasting Information Service. FBIS, an otherwise obscure organization, is remarkably conspicuous in the London embassy; with a staff of 80, it has more employees in London than any other federal agency. FBIS monitors foreign radio programming. In Great Britain, where radio is not an instrument of political propaganda but primarily an entertainment medium, there isn't much point in scrupulously monitoring broadcasts. The most important public broadcasts, such as Parliamentary debates, are usually reported or published in full in the London newspapers.

FBIS's other service—providing such reports from other foreign capitals to the London embassy—also doesn't justify maintaining such a large staff. The assumption seems to be that, in supplying information to area specialists, more is necessarily better. But the U.S. Middle East specialist in London, for example, receives such a glut of information from other sources that he probably doesn't even look at the transcripts of the polemical broadcasts of the region. For more important broadcasts—say, Sadat's latest speech—he could easily get a text from one of London's fine newspapers.

A glaring example of a program that has outlived its purpose is the International Communications Agency, ICA, which maintains a staff of 52 people in the London embassy. The ICA serves as the public affairs section of the embassy, performing some routine functions like press relations and advising the ambassador on British public opinion. However, the main function of the ICA is propaganda: promoting understanding of and sympathy for American policies. The idea of having large-scale information and cultural exchange programs overseas was conceived when the Cold War was raging. It was felt then that the objectives of the free world had to be aggressively promulgated to combat communist propaganda.

Today, in Great Britain in particular, the ICA is an absurdity. The British are as well disposed to the United States as they could possibly be, and our educational and cultural ties are almost incestuously close. The ICA also runs an information library in the embassy that far exceeds local needs. Information about the United States is available in abundance in London's own excellent libraries. If the idea is to have these resources centralized, the ICA collection could be donated to London University's already extensive United States Library, rather than kept in this superfluous and costly facility.

There are, of course, American embassies all over the world with superfluous personnel; London is just probably the most egregious example. But they all ought to be examined as they haven't been since 1960. A lot of dead wood has piled up in the embassies. ■

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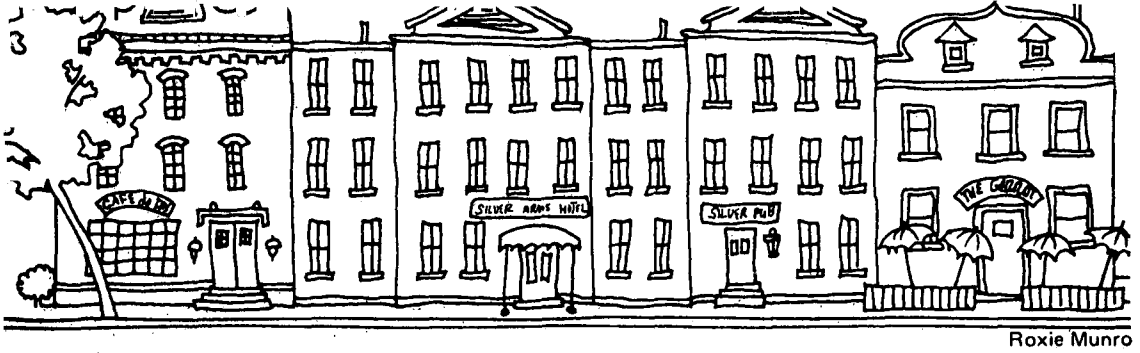

Roxie Munro

Where to Stay in Washington

by Jill Merrill

Most of our readers don't live in Washington but come here often because their work is connected with the government. For their benefit, we offer this guide to where to stay. The hotels listed here are in the area north of the White House, bounded by 15th Street, Pennsylvania Avenue, and Massachusetts Avenue.

Anthony House, 1823 L St. N.W., 223-4320. Single, $33-$36, double $40. 99 rooms. A high-rise motel without free parking or a restaurant.

Capital Hilton, 1001 16th St. N.W., 393-1000. Single $38-$58, double $50-$72. 806 rooms. Children free. Formerly the Statler Hilton, this hotel is three blocks from the White House. Its lobby is usually noisy and crowded, and it lacks the ambiance of its neighbors, the Sheraton-Carlton and the Hay Adams, but two of its restaurants, **Twigs** and **Trader Vic's**, are better than theirs.

Dupont Plaza, Connecticut and Massachusetts Ave. N.W., (on Dupont Circle), 483-6000. Single $49-63, double $12 extra. 312 rooms. Rooms equipped with refrigerator, wet bar. Restaurant. Children under 14 free.

Embassy Row, 2015 Massachusetts Ave. N.W., 265-1600. Single $42-$48, double $52-58, suites $65-$125. 202 rooms. There's a pool, coffee shop, an expensive restaurant **(Le Consulat)**, and an international atmosphere.

Executive House, 1515 Rhode Island Ave. N.W., 232-7000. Single $36-$38, double $46-$48. 200 rooms. Pool, *free* parking, coffee shop, dining room and lounge, and refrigerators in all rooms.

Fairfax Hotel, 2100 Massachusetts Ave. N.W., 292-2100. Single $35, double $45. 147 rooms. In addition to the very reasonable prices for a double room, the Fairfax offers suites—living room, bedroom, bath and full kitchen—at an incredibly cheap $48. There is a $5 per child charge. As this is a primarily residential hotel, the atmosphere is quiet; the rooms are modest but clean. You must either venture out for breakfast or fix your own, as the hotel's two restaurants—the **Jockey Club** and the **Sea Catch**—serve only lunch and dinner (good but expensive).

Gralyn Hotel, 1745 N St. N.W., 785-1515. Single $25-$30, double $30-$38, *no* credit cards. $6 additional per child. 34 rooms. *Free* parking. Most rooms have air-conditioning and bath in this marvelous, European-style hotel, which was once the Persian embassy. While a grudging acquiescense to modern conveniences has been made, apparently an elevator was too much. There is no restaurant, but a full breakfast (for $3.25) is served. Located on the same charming side street as the **Tabard Inn** (below).

Gramercy Inn, 1616 Rhode Island Ave. N.W., 347-9550. Single $42-$45, double $52-$55. 306 rooms. Pool, restaurant. Refrigerators and wet bars in some rooms.

Hay-Adams, 800 16th St. N.W., 638-2260. Single $52-$67, double $64-$79. 168 rooms. Children under 14 free. This is the *grande dame* of Washington hotels. From the moment you enter the paneled halls, there is a feeling of history being made. All the rooms are attractive. Those overlooking Lafayette Park and the White House are more expensive, but the view is the best in Washington. Of the city's hotel restaurants, the **President Adams Room** is one of the most attractive.

Holiday Inn-Central, 1501 Rhode Island Ave. N.W., 483-2000. Single $36, double $43. 214 rooms. *Free* parking, pool, restaurant, and kennel for pets.

Holiday Inn-Downtowner, 1615 Rhode Island Ave. N.W., 296-2100. Single $35, double $38-$45. 152 rooms. *Free* parking, pool, restaurant, and kennels.

Jefferson Hotel, 1200 16th St. N.W., 347-4707. Single $42.50-$47.50, double $47.50-$52.60, suites $75-$100. 135 rooms. Children under 14 free. This is a charming hotel in the European manner. The rooms are attractively decorated, with big, old-fashioned bathrooms. There is a restaurant, although the suites have full

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kitchens. Additional charge of $5 per child. The Jefferson is right across from the National Geographic Building—and offers the best return on one's dollar in Washington.

Madison Hotel, 15th and M Sts. N.W., 785-1000. Single $65-$80, double $80-$95. 374 rooms. If you've just inherited an Arab Emirate, this is the place for you. You can rent a suite (no kitchen) for a paltry $150-$300 a day. There's a coffee shop in addition to **The Montpelier**, which is very expensive and buffet only.

Mayflower, 1137 Connecticut Ave. N.W., 347-3000. Single $40-$68, double $54-$82. 700 rooms. Children under 18 free. Coffee shop and restaurant. Big, bustling "convention" hotel in the heart of Washington. Lots happened here—J. Edgar Hoover dined here daily, Harry Truman predicted victory in '48.

National Hotel, 1808 I St. N.W., 628-5566. Single $20, double $24. 75 rooms. Children under 12 free. Coffee shop. Very reasonable.

Presidential Hotel, 900 19th St. N.W., 331-9020. Single $20, double $24-$26. Children free within reason. No restaurant. Like the **National**, a convenient, clean, budget hotel.

Sheraton Carlton, 923 16th St. N.W., 638-2626. Single $59 and $64, double $69 and $74. 235 rooms. Children under 17 free. Dining room. Within walking distance of the White House, this stylish, old hotel offers attractively decorated rooms, good service, and a refreshing step back to another, grander day. In fact, tea is served in the lobby court from 3:30 to 5:30 in the afternoon.

Tabard Inn, 1739 N St. N.W., 785-1277. Single $32-$46 and $19-$23 without bath; double $42-$56, includes continental breakfast. 47 rooms. *No* credit cards. Like its neighbor, the **Gralyn**, the Tabard lacks an elevator. There is ample compensation, however, with recently renovated, spacious rooms with writing desks. Loaded with "old world" charm, this is where E. Everett Hale wrote *Man Without a Country*. There's a very nice restaurant, and a delightful, paneled sitting room adds to the cozy, European atmosphere.

Washington Hotel, 15th and Pennsylvania Ave. N.W., 638-5900 or (800)424-9540. Single $38-$40, double $42-$46. $6-per-child charge for cot in double room. This wonderful old (1918) landmark in the Beaux Arts mode still thrives. It's directly across from the Treasury building (which is right next to the White House). In addition to a coffee shop there is a terrace restaurant on the roof that offers a panoramic view of Washington and is well worth the trip up, if only for a drink.

YWCA, 1011 17th St. N.W., 638-2100. Single $17.50 or $15 without bath, double $25 or $22 without bath. 160 rooms. No children, no single males. Pool, gym, cafeteria.

Jean-Pierre
RESTAURANT FRANCAIS

JEAN MICHEL FARRET

1835 K STREET, N.W.
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20006
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OF CAPITOL HILL

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Gas Rationing: It Worked Before and It Can Work Again

by Nicholas Burnett

It will be five years this fall. Five years since the Arabs cut off our oil after the Yom Kippur war. Five years since OPEC quadrupled the price of petroleum. Five years since we realized that we were dependent on what we'd thought of as fairly minor powers. Five years since we started talking about the energy crisis.

The events of 1973-74 ought to have been enough to make us do something about oil imports. But today we get almost half (47 per cent in 1977) of our oil from abroad, compared to only 36 per cent in 1973. We're still just talking about the energy crisis, not doing anything. Solutions are discussed, but in complex and deliberate fashion—without any sense of urgency. It isn't hard to understand why urgency is needed—just think back to the panic of that winter five years ago, the feeling of helplessness, the high inflation, the fear.

There's not much disagreement among politicians, economists, energy experts, and the like that America needs to reduce its huge petroleum import bill (over $40 billion last year, compared to $3.7 billion in 1970). The imports caused a $30-billion trade deficit in 1977 and put continuous pressure on the dollar, as we have seen in the last few months. They have also put serious constraints on U.S. foreign policy. Despite administration and congressional denials, does anyone really doubt that one reason for selling those F-15s to Saudi Arabia is the fear that King Khalid might turn off the oil if he doesn't get his planes?

Even if the government were totally committed to a new energy policy, and it clearly isn't, it would take years, decades, to develop safe new sources of energy. But oil imports are a real problem right now—we can't wait decades. The Carter administration's short-term policy involves using higher prices to check demand. But as far as gasoline is concerned this policy is out of touch with the realities of Americans' long love affair with the automobile.

Higher prices may make industrial

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and residential consumers cut back on electricity use; higher prices have not had any effect on automobile gas consumption. The price of gas at service stations has doubled since 1973; demand is no lower.

Americans have become so wedded to their automobiles that it isn't clear if any price would make them drive much less. Indeed, a recent survey of business executives showed that prices could go as high as $2 a gallon without curtailing the urge to drive.

In fact, the only thing higher prices are sure to do is produce more inflation. If more inflation is just what you think we need now, read no further. Otherwise, we suggest you consider gas rationing.

The idea is so simple and so basic, yet somehow it has gotten lost in the shuffle that is our energy arguments. We need right now, or in the very near future, to devise a systematic, intelligent plan that will force Americans to drive less. That's the way to cut imports.

We have Saudi Arabia, one of our OPEC friends, complaining that our energy habits are undisciplined. Our Western European allies are dismayed that Carter's energy plan has been bogged down in Congress. They, too, see us as energy gluttons, driving up inflation on a world-wide scale.

Gas rationing, set up in a manner that would systematically cut into America's foreign oil imports, would satisfy all these concerns. It would put OPEC on notice that we now have a mechanism to deal with another boycott. This would have the side benefit of freeing our foreign policy options from oil-import-imposed constraints. And for most Americans, gas rationing would force some *real* energy conserving for the first time since 1974. It would buy the time needed to develop the new energy sources and techniques we'll have to have in the next century.

There's something else about gas rationing that proves it's our most sensible option: Unbelievable as it may sound to those who have lost all faith in

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government's ability to do anything right, we have done it before. And it worked.

The time was World War II and the program was run by the Office of Price Administration (OPA). A look back at how it worked then should be all the proof we need that rationing can work again.

Short Supplies

Rationing was first introduced in the East in May 1942. Supplies of gasoline were short. Pipelines from Texas and Oklahoma were not yet completed and petroleum had to be sent east by sea tankers and by rail. Shortages arose because many tankers had been loaned or assigned to supply oil to the British war effort and because German submarines were picking off an embarrassingly large number of tankers along the East Coast. In December 1942, rationing was imposed on the whole country.

The scheme was simple. There were three ration categories. Every car owner got an A ration to cover his minimum needs—shopping, household emergencies, and perhaps a little pleasure driving, but not to travel to and from work. Those who couldn't take public transportation to get to their jobs were entitled to more gasoline, the B ration. The actual amount of an individual's B allocation depended on the distance he needed to travel. People who had to use their cars in the performance of their jobs, like doctors and maintenance men, got C rations, even larger allocations that were tied to need, like B ones.

"The gasoline rationing program worked phenomenally well," wrote Chester Bowles, who became head of OPA in 1943, in his book of memoirs, *Promises to Keep*. "In 1942, 1943, and 1944 the use of gasoline and fuel oil was cut by about 50 per cent in the face of the vastly increased need for motor transport. Hundreds of thousands of defense workers, for instance, who had given up their prewar jobs in towns and rural areas, were driving 40, 50 and even 60 miles, six days a week, to urban defense plants." The average consumption per passenger car fell from 607 gallons a year in 1941 to 416 in 1943; total private auto consumption went down from 18 billion gallons a year to 10.8 billion.

While OPA set the broad guidelines for the rationing of gasoline and other products in its central headquarters in Washington and in its nine regional offices, the actual administration of the program depended on thousands of volunteers. The allocation of rations on the basis of need was handled by more than 5,600 local boards of volunteers. The boards were set up wherever there was a need: in factories, in rural areas where the board might travel around, and in the cities. There was at least one board in each of the 3,200 counties in the United States. The board members were representatives of the local community—businessmen, labor officials, teachers, farmers, shopkeepers, and so on. They gave large amounts of time to board work; many boards had more members than ever met at any one time in order to permit them to operate in virtually continuous shifts. About 300,000 volunteers served on the boards, administering rationing programs for gasoline and 17 other products.

Once a ration allocation had been made by a board, the actual distribution of gas coupons was handled by the banks, which were reimbursed by OPA for the costs they incurred. Chester Bowles describes how the system worked after a car owner had his coupons: "A motorist would go to a gas station and request, let us say, ten gallons of gasoline. In addition to paying the dealer the controlled price for the gas, he would also give him ration coupons for the ten gallons. The station owner would then paste these coupons on a card which he was given for the purpose. When he wished to replenish his own gasoline supply, he would pass the card with the coupons on to his wholesaler, who then authorized the replacement of the appropriate number of gallons in the

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dealer's tanks. The wholesaler in turn could replenish his own supply only by presenting the requisite number of ration coupons, which he had collected from his customers, to his wholesale supplier. Thus the ration ticket stream flowed from the motorist to the dealer to the distributor to the supplier."

Continuous Conflict

Rationing ran into problems, of course. The OPA was in continuous conflict with the Petroleum Administration for War, which was effectively run by a Standard Oil of California executive and dedicated to the principle that the oil industry in wartime should function as much as possible like the oil industry in peacetime. PAW always objected to the idea that oil should be allocated and distributed on the basis of need. The Office of Defense Transportation, which controlled commercial vehicles, was much too generous at first in issuing "certificates of war necessity," which could be turned in for ration coupons. The resulting excess of coupons led to the emergence of a black market. Other bursts of black market activity and of counterfeiting came and went during the war. The OPA was extremely fierce in enforcing the law against counterfeiters, black marketeers, and the gas stations that cooperated with them. Thomas Emerson, head of OPA's Enforcement Division, and later a leading constitutional-law scholar at Yale, had it use every device available: publicity, close inspection, civil actions, criminal proceedings, and the cutting of gas supplies to service stations that were involved in the black market. "In general," he says, "unless people thought that others were complying with the law, the thing would have broken down."

But black market and counterfeit problems were minor compared to the difficulty of getting people to accept gas rationing in the first place. John Hamm, a senior official of OPA in its early days, recalls that the initial reaction everywhere was that rationing "couldn't work for us because we have special needs." In the summer of 1942, before the introduction of gasoline rationing throughout the country, President Roosevelt appointed a blue-ribbon committee, headed by Bernard Baruch, to examine the case for it. Even after the committee reported that rationing was essential and even after its recommendation was put into effect, most people and most congressmen opposed it at first. "The heat of the pressure groups was intense; evidently, many Americans thought the use of their cars even more vital to happiness than food," wrote Harvey Mansfield in his official history of OPA. If people were initially difficult to persuade everywhere, there were some areas where they were never convinced. These were mainly oil-producing states, and many of their residents cheated the rationing boards throughout the war.

Coming to Accept It

In general, however, people came to accept rationing once they saw that it was necessary. David Ginsburg, who was OPA's general counsel, ascribes the success of the gas rationing program in particular to three factors: "there was a war on, there was a genuine need, and the government was totally committed to the program." People believed in the need for rationing. They wanted to help their country and so they managed with less gasoline and served by the thousands on local boards. John Hamm believes that these "committees of neighbors," as Baruch called them, were the key to successful implementation: "Local community boards were essential; Papa in Washington could decree what he liked but Papa couldn't enforce it without the local administration." Chester Bowles agrees: "The program worked for two reasons. First, we went to great lengths to explain it to the public, and second, everyone recognized that the decision in regard to his ration was made not by some bureaucrat in Washington but by members of his own community who served on the local volunteer board."

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Could It Work Today?

Gasoline rationing worked in World War II. Could it work today? Its opponents usually advance two reasons why they think it wouldn't. First, the public wouldn't accept rationing and wouldn't cooperate. Second, its administration would require a vast government agency that would quickly become yet another bureaucratic disaster.

The public would accept gasoline rationing, because, as poll after poll demonstrates, its number-one concern is inflation. All the President has to do is show the people the connection between rationing and the control of inflation. As Paul O'Leary, the OPA's deputy administrator for rationing wrote just after the war: "Americans are not a docile people. But they are reasonably cooperative when they see reasonable grounds for being asked to make sacrifices."

Rationing would not require a large bureaucracy. OPA never had more than 60,000 paid employees after 1943, and gas rationing was only one of the 18 rationing programs that it ran. Local boards, as in the war, would demonstrate to the public that the rationing system was fair, that any request for extra gas would be ruled upon by people familiar with the applicant's community and not by a faceless bureaucrat in Washington.

The Carter administration does have an emergency gasoline rationing plan that the Department of Energy has been going to make public "next week" since late April. By the time you read this, it will probably have been released for a 90-day comment period with hearings around the country. After that, a final proposal will be drawn up and sent to Congress for approval. The plan's architects appear to be obsessed with the need to eliminate potential abuses like black markets; they have gone to elaborate lengths to establish a "white market" mechanism so that people with allocations larger than their needs will be able to sell their excess coupons.

Concern with these details seems to have blinded the administration to the potential uses of a rationing program. Wartime experience shows that some minor abuse is inevitable but that, as long as the public is cooperative, it will be insignificant compared to the effect of the whole program. The administration is only considering rationing as a policy for periods of severe oil shortage—if, for instance, there is another interruption of imports. But why not use rationing to make us immune from that threat altogether? Besides preventing a repeat of the near-panic of 1974, rationing would solve some immediate problems too. As Jimmy Carter said in January, "Everyday we spend more than $120 million for foreign oil. This slows our economic growth, lowers the value of the dollar overseas, and aggravates unemployment and inflation at home."

Everyday we see the truth of that statement. Just recently, Kuwait announced that it would seek an oil price hike in the next OPEC conference. The reason for the price rise, according to Kuwait's oil minister, was the declining value of the dollar.

Remarkable, isn't it? They threaten to raise prices because of a loss of value of the dollar that has been caused primarily by their past price increases.

Of course, they aren't going to raise prices now, because there is a short-term glut of oil. But in a few years we are sure to be confronted again by OPEC's insane logic. And there is always the danger of another embargo.

How lovely it would be to turn the tables on OPEC. Gas rationing would give them the same kind of scare their embargo gave us. What would happen to their economies if America stopped buying their oil? And contemplate the discomfort of the oil companies if we actually took all their pious advertisements seriously and really did something about conserving energy. By putting an A sticker on our window, we would be putting ourselves back into the driver's seat again. Let's let the sheiks suffer for a change. Let's let the energy conglomerates moan. Let's ration gas. ■

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Tidbits and Outrages

Men of Distinctions

At a recent press conference, David Brinkley was asked whether he could make a moral distinction between NBC's hiring Henry Kissinger to give several interviews for millions and CBS's hiring Bob Haldeman to give ten interviews for $100,000. "Kissinger and Haldeman are quite different cases," replied Brinkley, according to *The Washington Star*. "Kissinger's full-time on NBC's payroll." But Senator George McGovern nosed out Brinkley in the quote-of-the-month derby when he said on ABC's *Issues and Answers*: "You can't talk detente out of one side of your mouth and wave the missiles and the rockets with the other."

Next Month, How to Put People on Hold

Last month, the Federal Women's Program sponsored a Special Workshop on Assertive Appearance for Women. The workshop was titled "Dressing for Success."

The Cause of the Group on Effects

Rick Sharp, a Washington journalist, reports that the Defense Nuclear Agency's Scientific Group on Effects has not had a single meeting in Washington. Instead it has met in Hawaii, Puerto Rico, California, and Florida.

Not My Department

Here is what some companies doing business in Uganda told the Congress about their responsibility for Idi Amin:

John Lankaster, manager of coffee purchases for Folger Coffee, one of the leading importers of Ugandan coffee, stated, "We do not have employees located in Uganda. As a result, we have no firsthand knowledge of the political situation in Uganda, or the actions of the Ugandan leadership."

The Harris Corporation (represented by former Rep. James Stanton), a company that operates an earth satellite station in Uganda and also has trained members of Idi Amin's central mercenary organization, the State Research Bureau, in communications technology, quoted an eloquent statement made by the late President Kennedy on the benefits of a greater exchange of ideas between the many countries of the world and concluded that his firm "believes that the impact of [its] program upon the general population of Uganda and the government is favorable."

Continuing, Stanton stated, "Our people who work in Uganda are primarily technicians. . . the nature of their work does not give them any special opportunity to be involved in political or social situations by which they could reasonably make such assessments."

Then Page Gulfstream, subsidiary of Page Airways: "We sincerely feel poorly equipped to participate in any meaningful discussion."

And General Foods (Andrew S. Shroder, vice president, public affairs): "Actions and decisions governing our country's relations with foreign countries must be the province of the U.S. government."

Corwin H. Meyer, president of Grumman American Aviation, stated that Grumman does not "feel that it, through its trade, sales, and subsequent support of the aircraft it sold, [has] particular responsibilities with regard to the political and social situation in Uganda."

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Motherhood and the Liberated Woman

by Deborah Baldwin

Most of the spending money I had in high school I made by babysitting. There was almost no limit to the number of sitting assignments you could get in the suburban Connecticut town where I grew up; at the end of a day the average mother of three was so desperate for help that babysitting gave me not only a source of needed income but a genuine sense of serving the public good too.

Now that I am at the childbearing age myself I find my feelings about motherhood deeply colored by memories of those evenings. I can see the child-proof homes, cluttered with Creative Playthings and buckets of soaking diapers, the TV droning in the background, and the can of Franco-American spaghetti on the kitchen counter, saved as a bribe for When the Sitter Gets Here.

Most of the kids were nice enough, although several stood out as exceptions. There was the five-year-old from the lovely home around the corner, for example. I happened to walk into the room one day as he was attempting to strangle his younger brother with a necktie. Another I remember had to be strapped into his crib with a makeshift seat belt or he would arise at 4 a.m., let himself out of the locked house, and wander in the direction of the nearest street light.

My own mother anticipated the negative impact such experiences might have on me and attempted to counter them by repeatedly pointing out that one's own children never seem as awful as everyone else's. This was good news, but it wasn't always completely convincing. What mother could love a child who—like my brother—would share a bedroom only if every single thing in it were divided equally, including the door? (He fought for—and won—jurisdiction over the knob.)

The debate over the pros and cons of childrearing never went beyond a certain point in those times. But since then the women's movement has made having children a matter of choice, not inevitability. The movement's main focus has been on gaining freedom and respect for women, and women have consequently pushed aside the question of where and when and how to bring the

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next generation into the world.

I am 28 years old and work in a white-collar professional job. I am childless, as are practically all the other women I know of my generation and class. We are today's women—perseveringly independent, mobile, our own best friends. Many of us have taken great pains to free ourselves from the sticky bindings of family, but the bindings of a career are ones we have eagerly assumed.

There's a new wave of books and movies that show heroic women casting off the bonds of housewifedom and striking out on their own. Women like me, who have built our lives around avoiding that trap in the first place, have gone largely unrecorded, but still we can identify with the tales of our slightly older sisters, the ones who made the "mistakes" we've steered clear of.

One of the most affecting examples of the new genre is *An Unmarried Woman,* which stars Jill Clayburgh as a 35-ish housewife with a part-time job who is about to be divorced and stranded in mid-Manhattan with her 15-year-old daughter. A woman unwittingly liberated when her husband walks out on her, Clayburgh is at first disoriented. She passes through a series of horrible social rites, and for the first half of the movie one of the few things holding her up is her precocious teenage daughter.

Then, as if by miracle, our heroine learns how wonderful it is to be free—uncommitted to anything or anyone but herself. And at about this time, remarkably enough, her daughter seems to recede from the forefront of her life. One imagines that she, too, is off somewhere dwelling in self-realization and discovering that the only good man is the man you can love and leave.

The tremendous popularity of this movie says a lot about what's on the minds of many liberated women these days, as they struggle to balance their hard-won freedoms against the basic human desire to depend on others. And nowhere is that struggle more obvious than in our attitudes toward motherhood—the one issue about which the women's movement has not yet come up with a convincing answer.

A Society Hostile to Children

There was a time when a woman's sole raison d'etre was to raise children. Men worked. Women stayed at home and had babies. Angela Barron McBride, in a 1973 book called *The Growth and Development of Mothers,* summed up the feeling women began to express a decade ago as the terrible inequities of the conventional sexual roles became evident. "After you have done the required and realized your ambitions, what is left?" she asked. "Baby as ultimate fulfillment comes to mean that you have very limited possibilities for satisfaction once past childbearing. Obviously this makes women expect much more from the experience of being a mother than they can ever reasonably get from their children. 'Fulfillment' seems a poor substitute for a life that is full."

The old mystique of American motherhood as abundantly reflected in popular images of aproned women clucking over their broods in suburban kitchens soon became a rallying point for the women's movement. The movement saw to it that hiring discrimination was illegal, and that birth control, abortion, and day care were available, so that full-time motherhood wasn't every woman's inescapable fate. As a result, no longer do well-educated women set aside their college degrees and blithely accept the old role of motherhood. They are in the cities competing with men and succeeding. They are becoming doctors, professors, lawyers, engineers—everything except full-time mothers.

But men, for the most part, haven't made any transition of their own to parallel women's. Now everybody has a career and a lot of personal freedom. As a result, America has evolved from the child-centered society I grew up in to a society that's at best indifferent and at

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worst outright hostile to children. In California, 70 per cent of the rental housing is for adults only; in 46 of the 50 states, tenants with children can be discriminated against. Among couples, there's a reluctance on both husband's and wife's part to give up anything in order to have children.

An 18-Year Experiment

Maybe that's a wild distortion of priorities, but it's nevertheless true that many women like me—newly established in jobs our mothers were never able to have and confronted with choices never before thought possible—are racked with indecision when confronted with children. Suddenly some of my friends are 30 or 31 years old, and the abstractions of the debate are reduced to very concrete terms: doctors tell them that each year childbirth is deferred makes pregnancy that much more difficult, sometimes impossible.

"Do I really want to commit myself to an 18-year experiment?" my friends ask. "What about the sheer drudgery—the diapers and the 2 a.m. feedings and never being able to just drop things and go out on the town?"... "Having children will completely change our marriage. I don't know if it can survive." ... "We'd have to move out of the city for the sake of the children, and I like the city."... "I want to have the freedom some day to move out if the relationship doesn't work."... "What if I leave my job for a year and never go back?"... "What if children stop us from doing the things we want to do, like dropping out for a year to travel?"... "How can we bring more children into a world that's tottering on the brink of self-destruction?" And on and on. Having children is unquestionably an enormous psychological and financial drain, despite all its rewards. The years go on. The options begin to close down, and the decisions become more difficult.

Questions like these are always sliding in and out of conversations

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among the women in my office. The organization we work for, a small environmental lobbying group, is made up predominantly of women in their 20s. They are bright, warm, articulate; and, for the most part, they are childless.

Exhausted and Cranky

It is a fine spring day and the women have decided to get together to prepare the food for the huge outdoor party our organization has each year. Jane and I stop on the way at a day care center to pick up David, her two-year-old son. A quiet, unassuming woman in her mid-20s, Jane is struggling to stretch a small salary to cover the needs of two (her husband, seeking his own kind of freedom, left shortly after the baby was born).

Exhausted and cranky, David climbs into the car, stepping among the toys piled on the floor. Jane apologizes when he refuses to get off her lap so she can drive safely. He's tired and disoriented and cries easily. Without prompting, she starts talking about how difficult it is to find decent child care. Her salary is too large for financial aid and too small for a housekeeper. So every morning before work she leaves David at the day care center (one of the few in the city she can afford) and at 6 p.m. she picks him up. I don't have to ask what the past two years have been like for her. I know she is luckier than most, because her job is flexible and because she lives with four other adults who provide companionship and support. But obviously it hasn't been easy. We drive the rest of the way in silence.

My friends Jan and Thomas are a handsome, creative couple, both with excellent, high-paying jobs and a savings account that will one day enable them to "retire" and write books, their lifelong ambition. At 31, Jan unexpectedly became pregnant, and in an unusual burst of spontaneity, they decided to go ahead and have the child.

The Case for Children

by James Fallows

My wife and I are the same age as Deborah Baldwin, and from the same world that shaped her thoughts. We understand very well her mixed feelings about children, for through nearly six years of marriage, until our son was born 16 months ago, we had been through all the same arguments ourselves.

Our life has changed in many ways in those 16 months, but one of the clearest lessons we have learned is how misleading all that debate was. It took account of everything except the most important fact of all—the sheer joy and delight of having a child.

No doubt, children bring their difficulties; if anything, the inconvenience has been worse than we in our non-parent days thought it would be. We have become the kind of family no one wants to sit next to on an airplane or eat next to in a restaurant. But neither did we foresee how trivial those hardships would seem when stacked up against the satisfactions of having a child.

I am talking not simply about the familiar pleasures—the games of catch, the smiles at night, the sound of the first conscious word. Those pleasures are real enough; when I see my son lying in his crib at night, arms wrapped around his stuffed animals, it is all I can do to keep from waking him up to hold him. When he splashes and laughs in his rubber pool, I forget how obnoxious he had been a few minutes before when we were trying

James Fallows, a former editor of The Washington Monthly, *is President Carter's chief speechwriter.*

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In her fourth month of pregnancy, however, she is still torn with ambivalence. "I know there has to be some reason we're on earth besides work," she says. She wants the child, and so does her husband. "But I'm mixed up about it too. I don't know if I should stop working altogether and stay at home for a year or two or fight to keep my job. . . . I get anxiety attacks; I imagine I'll be like my mother and never work again. My therapist tells me to write all my fears down on a piece of paper and then read them back. That's supposed to make me realize how irrational they really are." She doesn't look convinced.

At the other extreme is Mary, 26, who is our efficient, well-loved office administrator. "I can't wait to have children," she said during a discussion the women in the office were having about their career goals. "I think this whole work thing is highly overrated. But my husband thinks I should have a career. So we're going to wait." She laughs and pokes fun at her mother, who stayed at home while her father climbed the corporate ladder. "She says she's jealous because I have a job. I'd trade places with her tomorrow! She travels and takes classes and does all the things we don't have the time or money to do right now."

Suddenly we're all talking about our mothers. We talk affectionately about the ones who sacrificed other goals in order to stay at home. But it gets mixed up with bitterness toward those who only wanted the same sacrifice for their daughters. "My mother sent my brother to law school and told me to take typing lessons." "My mother told me to be a nurse, so I'd meet an eligible doctor." "My mother dropped out of med school when she got married. She should be pleased I'm 27 and single. But she isn't."

We talk about the years right after college, when each of us floundered in the painful search for an identity other than that of wife and mother. "I didn't work at all until I was 26," says Pat, now

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to feed him lunch. But these things meant nothing to me before I had a child, and can mean little to anyone until the child is his or her own. I am talking instead about the satisfactions that grow out of the most difficult moments, the times when a parent understands why raising children has throughout history been the most consistent way that people have found of bringing meaning and richness and fulfillment to life.

In an age where self fulfillment is the guiding muse, raising children is one of the few situations in which unselfish love is required. The returns are great, but the relationship is not an equal bargain; each child is totally dependent on its parents' protection, their sacrifice, their love. As I walk down the street, I often marvel that every person I see had a set of parents who cared for their child as we now care for ours. Few of us are so naturally led toward sainthood that we can ignore those rare opportunities to bring out our better sides. Our world is not one of such toleration and selflessness that we can afford to do with even less.

That is why I am concerned that so many people would decide that in the name of "freedom," "avoiding commitments," and keeping all "options" open, they should separate themselves from one of the constants of mankind. My childless friends, as they go off to their Caribbean vacations and cocktail parties and tennis games, no doubt feel that the joke's on my wife and me, whose every move depends on the availability of a babysitter. I know they're wrong.

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a 32-year-old lobbyist. "Sure, I'm worried that I may never marry or have children. But I keep looking to the future. Each year is better than the last."

Our generation's parents made great sacrifices for us. They led lives shaped according to our needs. They moved to quiet towns where the air was clean and the schools were decent. Our mothers gave up their jobs in order to be with us while our fathers arranged their careers with the idea of achieving the financial security that raising a family demands. We shudder with guilt as we talk about how "selfish" we've become. So much was done in our name. How can we talk so callously of never marrying or never having children of our own?

I remember my father at 7 a.m., crowded onto the platform at the train station with dozens of other men, all of them carrying identical briefcases filled with important "work." At dusk, we would sweep past the station again and find that they had all returned. But in the morning they were going to the city to do something mysterious and significant, leaving all the children and women behind.

Today, like many of my friends, I live in an apartment in downtown Washington. Every morning my husband and I walk together to our jobs. We feel smug about not having to fight traffic commuting into the city, and we like it here—we feel as if we have the best of all worlds.

But when I think about children, I sometimes think about how shallow the satisfactions of a job and an apartment can be. People in my generation don't think the suburbs provide the sense of community we long for, but many of us suspect that families might. My vision of life with children doesn't include station wagons and commuter trains; but I think children might add tremendous richness to the lives of people like me without forcing us to recreate the world we grew up in. My hope is that we will find a way to blend childrearing and work more wisely; that men and women equally will be willing to give up a few years of career for their children, realizing that they're really sacrificing nothing, and that it's not so hard to pick up one's work where one left off.

A Few More Years to Decide

The other evening, after my husband and I had washed the dishes and talked over our respective days in the office, we began again our endless discussion of where we would be two, three, or four years from now. Masters of our own destiny, we gazed at the options. Would we have one child, or two, or three? Would we move to a farm? Would we leave our much-loved apartment for a house with a big backyard? Would we try to find new jobs that are less demanding and allow us more time at home?

"It's really up to you," he said. My husband is committed to my liberation. But clearly, it's not just up to me—it's up to both of us—and for him that should mean more than simply acceding to my becoming a mother. If women's liberation is to mean anything for people who have children or want to have them, it must mean that fathers are in this too. Taking the kids to the ballgame on Sunday afternoon doesn't do it anymore. But in what ways it must change, my husband and I don't exactly know.

I suspect a world in which we had children would have to be a world where an extended family of spouses, friends, relatives, and, yes, babysitters all share the work in a spirit of community. It would have to be a world where husbands and wives would share childrearing responsiblities, not the way my brother shared his door—formally splitting things down the middle—but in a loving, informal way. It would have to be okay for either spouse to continue working full time while the other stayed home, but this would have to be a world where such an arrangement could take place without any sense of resentment or lost opportunity on either side.

Our conversation drifted off, to be resumed some other time. We're safe. We have a few more years to decide. ■

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Richard Reeves on Political Books

At about nine o'clock on the night Jimmy Carter won the Democratic nomination for President in New York City, I went up to the office of his press secretary, Jody Powell, in the Americana Hotel. By invitation only. After the usual jockeying, banter, and groveling, I was to be allowed into the candidate's suite to watch him watch his own moment of triumph on television.

When I penetrated the rings of security around that Olympian height, there was only one other reporter in Powell's domain: Teddy White. I was secretly pleased; after all, I was still in college when Theodore H. White sort of invented the fly-on-the-walls-of-political-power business in *The Making of the President, 1960.* There was, though, I thought, a flicker of hurt in White's face when he saw that I was going to be there, too. Is this what it's come down to? He was, as always, gracious, even if he grumbled a bit that what used to be private moments were now circuses.

I was sure then that the rumors were true: that Teddy was not going to do another "Making" book. I'm glad I was right. With a reasonable number of reservations about his work, I idolize the man. White is the best, a great reporter and a great storyteller, and if one of the fashionable criticisms of him became that he was too soft on John Kennedy, too soft on Richard Nixon . . . hell, he is soft on everybody and that's not such a bad thing one comes to realize rather late. Anyway, what was the point of another book? He probably couldn't top himself, might not even be able to top all the imitators he had spawned in 16 years. Young reporters from *The Chicago Tribune* were doing, routinely, what he had done, originally and creatively, in the Kennedy-Nixon election.

Instead, in August, Harper and Row will publish "The Making of Teddy White, 1915-63"—the actual title is *In Search Of History—A Personal Expedition.* It's a wonderful book about a wonderful man: a reporter, proud and questioning. And an American—God, does Teddy White love his country and its people.

For me, it was an education. You think you know somebody you met when you were 29 and he was 51; you know *nothing.* What did I know about being a Hebrew teacher in the Boston ghetto, about being a street-wise "meatball" at Harvard, about running around China in the 1930s, about being pushed around by Joe McCarthy and bureaucrats for once talking patriotism and freedom to a squad of black soldiers on the Burma Road?

All of that—rich, rich stuff—I leave aside for the moment to talk about White the political writer, the father of us all. And that in a very narrow context: the current obsession that journalists are tearing down the inherent dignity of American politics by reporting presidential elections as if they were, dread expression, "horse-races."

This is what White now says, in this

Richard Reeves is the author of Convention. *His column is a regular feature of* The Washington Monthly.

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story of a personal expedition, he was doing in late 1959 and 1960:

"The idea was to follow a campaign from beginning to end. It would be written as a novel is written, with anticipated surprises as, one by one, early candidates vanish in the primaries until only two final jousters struggle for the prize in November. Moreover, it should be written as a story of a man in trouble, of the leader under the pressure of circumstances. . . .

"By 1960, John Kennedy and Richard Nixon dueled on this shifting ground—the one, Kennedy, vaguely for enlarging the embrace and solicitude of government, the other, Nixon, extolling the Emersonian virtues of independence and self-reliance.

"I reported the campaign of 1960 as it unrolled in no such philosophical manner. Had I done so, no one would have printed or read a paragraph of it. Nor did I have to—I was reporting for a book. For that book about 1960, the imperative was to concentrate first on the men, next on the game, then, lastly, on the religious issue. The reach of ideas in American politics I found totally unmanageable."

He is too modest. In fact, White did manage to deal rather effectively with the flow of ideas in politics—better by leagues than his contemporaries and hopeful competitors. But his strength really was personalities and the game—and since, and because of, him the rest of us have been strongest in chasing psychological explanations, the men around the man, and the gritty minutiae of collecting delegates and votes. He favored Kennedy then, as he says now, because: "Kennedy's particular sportsmanship led him to accept the rules of any state, or any arena, whether national or international, high or low, clean or dirty—but he liked to win."

That, I submit, is a good working assessment of John Kennedy or Jimmy Carter or most other folks with the manic drive to run the United States of America. There is a paragraph in the new book which may not please historians or political scientists, but which certainly rang true to me:

"We drifted on through the night, finally arriving in the early morning at Cape Cod, where I began to assemble some notes on Kennedy and history. It was on this trip that I learned the futility of trying to talk to a candidate about history. I had asked Kennedy if he could give me just a feel of where he wanted the American people to be after eight years of his Presidency—how far down the road he thought he could take them. At which he became annoyed, and considering me a friend but being nibbled to death by too many questions, he said, 'Jesus Christ, Teddy, you ought to have more sense than to ask me that kind of question now. There's the convention to get through first, then the election, then Congress. Ask me later.'"

Later never came—and, in my experience, it never does in politics. Teddy White needs no defense—his work and its legacy in my little business is enough. We report campaigns and elections the way he taught us to because he got it right the first time—they *are* horseraces. ■

Tad Szulc

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political book notes

Public affairs books to be published in July and August

Almost Persuaded: American Physicians and Compulsory Health Insurance, 1912-1920. Ronald L. Numbers. Johns Hopkins University Press, $10.

America Revisited: 150 Years after de Tocqueville. Eugene McCarthy. Doubleday, $8.95. This latest McCarthy book reads like one of his campaign speeches, resembling an introductory lecture for an interdisciplinary survey course in American studies. McCarthy reviews Alexis de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, reporting on what has happened to America during the ensuing 150 years. McCarthy finds that de Tocqueville's predictions, both pessimistic and optimistic, were largely accurate: racism persists; government has gotten bigger; the military avoids civilian accountability; prison conditions are wretched; corporations hold most Americans in almost feudal thrall; the judiciary is increasingly powerful, but government eludes legal restraint and democratic control.

McCarthy doesn't answer the question that William Marcy Tweed asked his critics (and that the party regulars must have asked McCarthy in 1968): "What are you going to do about it?" Nor does he go much beyond the usual litany of complaints about American society and his standard prescriptions, such as restraining the president and the military, shortening the work week, and moving beyond the two-party system.

The greatest shortcoming of McCarthy's book is the absence of first-hand, first-person observation of America and Americans. For instance, in discussing the degradation of workers in our society, McCarthy briefly alludes to interviews conducted by Studs Terkel. There is no indication that McCarthy himself has spoken to any of the people he glibly describes as serfs to the giant corporations. De Tocqueville toured the nation and interviewed Americans in order to write his book. McCarthy has apparently re-read de Tocqueville and kept up with current social criticism.

—Harry Lesser

Beverly Tucker: Heart Over Head in the Old South. Robert J. Brugger. Johns Hopkins University Press, $13.

Cambodia: Year Zero. Francois Ponchaud. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $8.95.

Career of Empire: America and Imperial Expansion Over Land and Sea. George Liska. Johns Hopkins University Press, $17.95.

The Croesus Conspiracy. Benjamin Stein. Simon & Schuster, $8.95. The American publishing industry and former Nixon staffers seem to have a bad effect on one another. The collateral victim is the reading public. Stein, a speechwriter for Nixon and Ford, has the nifty notion of having a fictionalized Kissinger-like Secretary of State revealed as a former member of the Hitler Youth.

The Cultural Crisis of Modern Medicine. John Ehrenreich, ed. Monthly Review Press, $15.

Defective Medicine: Risk, Anger, and the Malpractice Crisis. Louise Lander. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10.

The Divided Left: American Radicalism, 1900-1975. Milton Cantor. Hill and Wang, $11.95/$5.95. The book begins with a brief and admittedly unoriginal explanation for the unsuccess of the American Left. Quoting sources as diverse as Samuel Gompers and Herbert Marcuse, Milton Cantor maintains that the culture of economic individualism—"bourgeois ideology"—is so widespread in our society that there has never been a hospitable environment for radical movements. Sandwiched between slices of this gospel is a conventional history of all the leftist movements that failed to take root in American soil—Socialists, Communists, Trotskyists, the New Left, and sects too microscopic to command the attention of anyone except their adherents, the FBI, and historians such as Milton Cantor.

Ethnic Leadership in America. John Higham. Johns Hopkins University Press, $12.95.

Families. Jane Howard. Simon & Schuster, $9.95.

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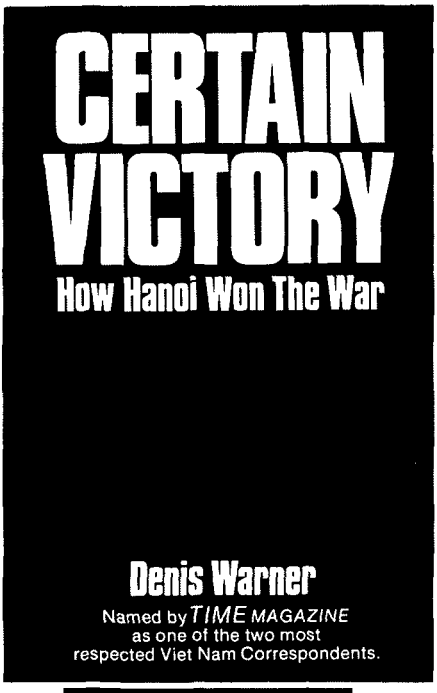

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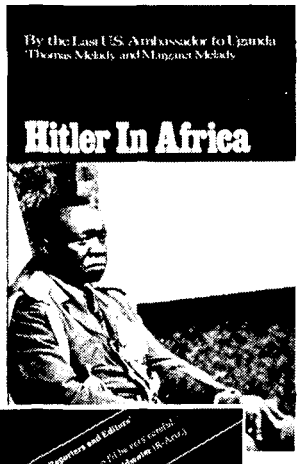

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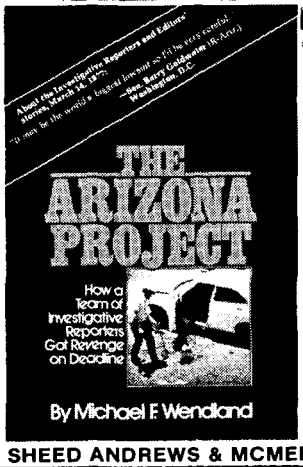

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The Federal Budget and Social Reconstruction: The People and the State. Marcus G. Raskin, ed. Transaction, $7.95.

In Search of History. Theodore H. White. Harper & Row, $12.95. See Richard Reeves' column on page 57 of this issue.

The Inflation Crisis, and How to Resolve It. Henry Hazlitt. Arlington House, $8.95.

Judicial Reorganization: The Politics of Reform in the Federal Bankruptcy Court. Carroll Seron. Lexington, $17.

Leon Trotsky. Irving Howe. Viking, $7.95. A former disciple (like many American socialists), Howe takes a retrospective look at the brilliant Russian revolutionary's life, work, and influence. What he finds, amidst the absurdities of any dogma that claims prevision of the unrolling of human events, is enough shrewd insight into the workings of social forces to merit for Trotsky a niche among the major political theorists of the 20th century.

The Malpractitioners: How Medical Malpractice Became a Crisis and Who Benefited From It. John Guinther. Doubleday, $10.

Medical Ethics and Medical Power. Jan Hendrick van den Berg, MD. Norton, $7.95.

The Moral Choice. Daniel C. Maguire. Doubleday, $10.

My Name is Million: An Illustrated History of the Poles in America. W. S. Kuniczak. Doubleday, $12.95.

Neighbors in Conflict: The Irish, Germans, Jews and Italians of New York City, 1929-1941. Ronald H. Bayor. Johns Hopkins University Press, $14.

The New Old: Struggling for Decent Aging. Ronald Gross, Beatrice Gross, Sylvia Seidman. Doubleday, $5.95.

The Pesticide Conspiracy. Robert van den Bosch. Doubleday, $10.95. What we have is that rare bug, a serious entomologist who is a delight to read. Van den Bosch is chairman of the Division of Biological Control at the University of California, Berkeley, and he is in high dudgeon not just because we are dousing our crops, our land, and ourselves with pesticides, but because it is a dumb way to fight insects. His lament is that by our technology and our genius for disrupting nature we have managed to enhance the insects' competitive position vis a vis man.

The dramatic success of DDT, before it stubbed its toe on Rachel Carson, resulted in the explosive development of pesticides and, for a generation, the virtual

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abandonment of all other techniques of pest control. And, as we know, what happened was that the weak little critters expired and the strong little critters developed huge new populations resistant to one pesticide after another. Thirty years ago, when the U.S. used about 50-million pounds of insecticide annually, the insects destroyed about seven per cent of the preharvest crop. Currently, using 600 million pounds of insecticide, we lose 13 per cent of the yield to insects.

So why does it go on? Why don't we switch to an integrated system of pest control—biological techniques which utilize predators to control pests, development of pest-resistant varieties, selective rather than broadcast use of pesticides?

The answer, according to van den Bosch, lies in the size and power the agrichemical industry has achieved and in the "merchandising imperative" that drives it on. The industry has used its power in Washington to castrate the Environmental Protection Agency and to nudge responsibility for pesticide regulation toward the more compliant and hopelessly bureaucratic Department of Agriculture. The industry has "bought" scientific associations and individual scientists through grants. It has used its power in state legislatures to pressure college administrators, who, in turn, harass researchers investigating the perils of various pesticides.

Not the bolt out of the blue that *Silent Spring* was in its day, and a bit tarnished by van den Bosch's penchant for donning the mantle of St. George, *The Pesticide Conspiracy* is nevertheless lively, feisty, and worthwhile.

—*Leonard Reed*

Prisoner At War: The Survival of Commander Richard A. Stratton. Scott Blakey. Doubleday, $10. Richard Stratton, a bomber pilot and junior maintenance officer aboard the USS *Ticonderoga*, accidentally became one of the most powerful symbols of the Vietnam war for both Americans and North Vietnamese. In January 1967, he became a prisoner of war. Three months later he appeared in a 16-page spread in *Life* magazine, the self-professed "Hanoi Bomber," bowing in mechanical repentance before an internationally attended press conference in Hanoi. Suddenly the possibility that Richard Stratton might be the pawn of North Vietnamese propaganda, that American

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POWs were being "brainwashed," even physically tortured, became a burning issue here.

The great strength of Blakey's book is that it's a story about the isolated suffering of people forced to piece together their thoughts and their lives as a result of war. There's Stratton and fellow prisoners, who had to cope not only with sporadic episodes of brutal physical violence, but also with empty months of solitary confinement when staying sane meant communicating via an underground system of tapping, coughing, scratching, and scraping, or memorizing the texts of moldy old copies of novels and *Mad* comics, or devising endless strategies of resistance. There were the "hard-liners" (name, rank and serial number only) and the more subtle pragmatists like Stratton, resented by some prisoners for attempting to define in their own minds just what constituted resistance and what a cop-out. But they all tried desperately to live up to an impossible military Code of Conduct.

Ultimately, however, it's not the prisoners but rather people like Stratton's wife, Alice, and sister, Ellen, who are the most sympathetically described by Blakey. Alice was understandably more preoccupied with her husband's welfare, with the day-to-day problems of raising three young children alone during the six years of his absence, and with organizing support for POW families, who were taunted by the more insensitive opponents of the war and ignored by the government, than with the philosophical subtleties of the war debate. Ellen, on the other hand, was torn between her belief in the immorality of the war and her loyalty toward her own brother.

—*Janet Marinelli*

The Republic of Technology. Daniel Boorstin. Harper & Row, $8.95.

Research and the Health of Americans: Improving the Policy Process. Stephen Strickland. Lexington, $16.

Science, Sin, and Scholarship. Irving Louis Horowitz, ed. MIT Press, $12.50.

The Secret War for the Ocean Depths. Thomas S. Burns. Rawson Associates, $12.95.

Socialist Albania Since 1944: Domestic and Foreign Developments. Peter R. Prifti. MIT Press, $25. Quick—who is Enver Hoxha? He is the leader of Albania, and, after reading this book (at the unproletarian price of $25), you'll know more about Hoxha, Albania, and its unique social system than you ever wanted to know. Surprisingly enough, this study is readable—and, even more amazingly, Professor Prifti has analyzed Albania's fanatically ideological society without either praising or damning it. He lets an incredible array of facts speak for themselves.

Albania is very small. Even today, only some 2.5 million people—fewer than the population of Brooklyn—live in a land slightly smaller than the state of Maine.

Perhaps because it is so small, Albania has been subjected to complete and central planning by Hoxha and his Albanian Party of Labor. The most doctrinaire Marxist-Leninists in the world, the Albanians have accomplished what other Communists have only dreamed of—nationalized all personal property without compensation, entirely abolished religion (closing all mosques and churches), and rapidly industrialized a once-backward society.

For awhile, the Albanians were loyal followers of the larger communist countries. The Albanians dutifully expropriated their own *kulaks* (the larger

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peasant landholders) just like Stalin, and instituted their own Cultural Revolution, just like Mao. But ever suspicious of revisionism, Hoxha eventually excoriated Tito's Yugoslavia, Khruschev's Soviet Union, and, finally, Mao's China, for abandoning true Marxism. Today, Albania stands alone in the world.

—*Harry Lesser*

State of the Nation III. William Watts, Lloyd A. Free. Lexington, $13.50.

We Are One: American Jewry and Israel. Melvin I. Urofsky. Doubleday, $10.95.

White-Collar Crime: A 20th Century Crisis. August Bequai. Lexington, $14.95. The good news is that street muggings and armed robberies will be going out of style. The bad news is that white-collar crime—already a $40-billion annual rip-off—is heading for its heyday. That's the prospect in the cashless society ahead, in which we will transfer our money from bank to bill collector by telephone push button.

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A former federal prosecutor and chairman of the Federal Bar Association's subcommittee on white-collar crime, Bequai formulates his indictment of the government with authority and clarity.

—*Leonard Reed*

Yankee from Georgia: The Emergence of Jimmy Carter. William Lee Miller. Times, $10.95.

We are pleased to report that Charles Peters, editor-in-chief of *The Washington Monthly*, has been voted the Columbia Journalism Award for 1978 by the students and faculty of the Columbia School of Journalism

The Lessons of Wage and Price Controls—The Food Sector

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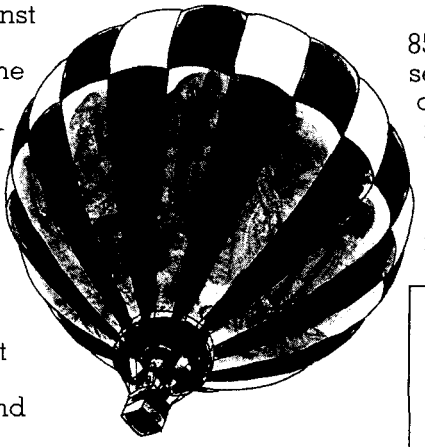
Air travel in 1978, the 75th year of powered flight, will set all-time records. U.S. airlines in domestic and international service are carrying more than 700,000 passengers a day —that's two million a month more than last year.

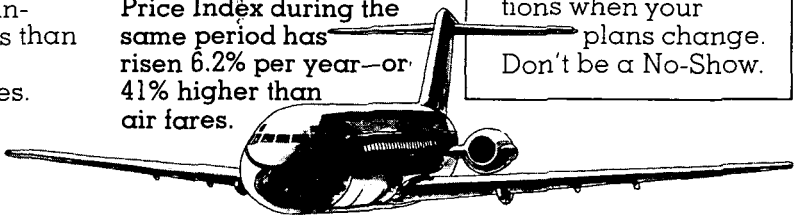
One reason that air travel keeps growing is because the cost of an airline ticket has increased much less than the price of other goods and services.



In the past 10 years, despite soaring costs, particularly fuel, the average air fare on U.S. carriers has gone up only 4.4% a year. By contrast, the Consumer Price Index during the same period has risen 6.2% per year—or 41% higher than air fares.

This year, more than 85 million airline passengers—about one out of every three—will get more for their dollars through widespread discount fares. That's taking air out of the inflation balloon.

Some air travel tips:
—Make your reservations as early as possible.
—Remember that many discount fares require advance booking.
— Allow plenty of time to get to the airport and check in.
—Cancel reservations when your plans change. Don't be a No-Show.



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